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FRANCE, BRITAIN AND THE WEST

ENERAL DE GAULLE has on occasion been ticised for injudicious asperity of speech; t when he complained outspokenly last week- d of the Allies' neglect of French claims and eds, his words were a true reflection of his untrymen's increasingly embittered sense of ury. The whole press of France has endorsed at he said, and has not hesitated to add that decisions which affect France's post-war erests and security are taken by the Allies thout consulting France, the French Govern- nt will not recognise their validity or endorse peace settlement which embodies them. To French opinion crystallise and harden on se lines would be a fatal policy for Britain. any reading of the vicissitudes of relations tween States in the past, the honeymoon nosphere of Anglo-American liberation is no arantee that new national interests and group- s may not emerge in western Europe. Though moral of 1914 and 1940 is plainly that the urity of France, Belgium, Holland and Britain indivisible, the lessons of experience (even en they are reinforced by the development of g-range weapons) are apt to be ignored when lings of sensitive nationalism are aroused. we antagonise French opinion by our neglect even though we may plead that our policy is oservient to that of the United States—we k the eventual formation of a Continental c from which Britain is excluded. In any e, if we miss this favourable moment we shall feit the chance of associating the countries Western Europe with us in a closer political d economic union.

That such a *rapprochement* would be to the tual interest of all concerned we do not doubt, that it could be a stabilising factor in the rld's international relations. The only ques- n is how far and how quickly the process of ification should go, and on what conditions. combination, the British, French, Dutch d Belgian empires represent a huge slice of the be and of its material resources. We should t view with equanimity the prospect of having world split into three exclusively particularist cs—"Western European Union," Pan-American and Soviet. Due care would have to be taken that the drawing-together of Britain and Western Europe did not prejudice the establishment of a World Authority No scheme of closer union would be desirable unless willingly endorsed by the U.S.S.R., which is naturally apprehensive of potentially hostile western coalitions. Account, too, must be taken of the United States, who might view the project as a plan for economic aggression against her legitimate trade interests. The Union would clearly have to begin as an association of equal sovereign States, open freely to accessions by others—*e.g.*, Denmark, Norway and Sweden; and, before economic collaboration could develop into unification of customs and currencies, there would have to be careful planning and reconciliation of politically conflicting interests—between Dominion and Continental farmers, between French and British steel industries, or between Dutch and Belgian shipping and port interests. Moreover, the possibilities of close integration would be limited if a predominantly collectivist Continent had to fit in with an essentially capitalist British Commonwealth.

These are all difficulties which may or may not be overcome: Our plea is that the effort to overcome them should be made. It is to the continent of Europe that these islands are linked, not merely in terms of modern military strategy, but by ties of cultural affinity and economic interest. Without the closest collaboration with her Continental neighbours, Britain dare hardly face the strain of maintaining the role of Great Power in a post-war world containing other Great Powers with much larger populations and resources; and equally, the States of Western Europe all depend on Britain for their security. In all British and Western Continental plans for orderly marketing, the development of civil aviation and other communications, the maintenance of full employment, and the proper allocation of capital resources, a concerted policy is practically indispensable, so great is the economic interdependence of our eastern neighbours and ourselves. In a small degree this has already been recognised by the British and Belgian Governments in the recently announced currency agreement, to which Holland may well accede. But Anglo-French unity will not come about as a by-product of piecemeal Anglo-Dutch or Anglo-Belgian financial accommodations. It is with the closest possible *entente*, political and economic, between Britain and France that a start must be made if collaboration in the mutual reconstruction of Britain and Western Europe is to get anywhere. We have deferred too long to an irrational attitude adopted in the White House. Our relations with France are our affair. Our refusal to grant full recognition to her Provisional Government is regarded by France as an affront and an injustice. We cannot afford, and have no reason, to wound our ally and good neighbour a single day more.

Assault by Air

Is it to be inferred from the intensive and protracted "softening" of Aachen by air attack, followed by the obliteration of Duisburg and a series of devastating bombardments of Cologne, that the policy of ending the war by air assault is to have a fresh trial? If so, it may work; there is no proof to the contrary. The Allies are now in a position, as never before, to inflict destruction hitherto unimagined. If all the cities in the Ruhr and Rhineland are systematically erased, the German authorities will be presented with the problem of several million civilian casualties; and, if means of communication are subjected to parallel attack, the Reich *may* collapse in administrative and economic chaos. On the other hand—leaving out of account all the moral implications of this method of warfare—experience has shown at Stalingrad, at Cassino, and now at Aachen, that nothing is more difficult to capture than a heap of ruins held by desperate fighters. Moreover, with every fresh "saturation" bombardment, fewer and fewer Germans are left with anything to lose. Not from such people is surrender readily secured, especially if they are told, and believe, that surrender means annihilation in any case. The recruitment of Himmler's *Volksturm* suggests that Germany may fight on, even when defeat is seen to be certain.

Turmoil in Hungary

Horthy's present address is unknown, but that Europe's first Fascist dictator has lost power is a fact that should set all the democratic bells ringing. He must bear his full share of responsibility for the Hungarian White Terror; he suppressed freedom in Hungary for twenty-four years, and maintained a chauvinistic policy as evil as Mussolini's. The Germans, who must have had a good inkling of Horthy's intentions, acted with vigour and speed, so far as Budapest is concerned. Having selected as quisling, not (as one might have thought) Imredy, but Szalasi, leader of the politically negligible Arrow Cross faction of Right Wing anti-Semites, they lost little time in securing the public services in the capital and the communications with Vienna and Prague. The real question, to which an answer cannot yet be given, is how far Admiral Horthy had assured himself that he was carrying the army, and particularly the senior officers, with him when he repudiated the alliance with Germany and announced his negotiations for an armistice. From the immediate standpoint he seems to have bungled the business, in that he had insufficient forces readily available to hold the capital. But if the army, as seems probable, declines to carry out Szalasi's orders to fight with Germany to the death, the Hungarian front opposing Marshal Malinovsky will crumble decisively, unless the Germans strip Poland to reinforce the bare dozen divisions they have in the south.

Franco's Unwelcome Visitors

From the announcements made by the Franco Government, it is clear that the sporadic fighting which has broken out in Navarre and other Spanish provinces is not solely due to forays of Spanish Republicans across the Pyrennees, though a considerable number of them appear to have entered Spain during the last few weeks. Most of these men, who fought gallantly with the F.F.I. in South-western France, now feel, no doubt, that the time has come for them to turn their attentions homeward. The arms they have acquired and their experience in the Maquis could enable them to become the nucleus of a formidable resistance in the frontier districts. The problem is to discover what forms and who leads the Spanish resistance to Franco. Apart from the divisions between the old leaders now in emigration, there appears to be a number of groups inside Spain which have not yet achieved the unity that de Gaulle found in France. If we accept the sketchy reports from Southern France, the raiding bands are led by anarchists or communists. The latter also talk of a "Supreme Junta" of resistance which embraces several different bodies including some anti-Franco Catholics. But whatever the intricacies of the position, it is clear that there is no central leadership for any movement to overthrow Franco, and until that is found partisan, underground and revolutionary activity will only score partial successes. Franco has not merely the Moroccan army but several thousand German soldiers in Catalonia.

Drift in Palestine

Everyone agrees that a very ugly situation indeed is blowing up in Palestine. The number of Jewish extremists and terrorists is admittedly very small, but very difficult to tackle in a country where the Jewish population is dissatisfied with the present British policy of appeasing the Arabs and restricting Jewish immigration. In truth the British attitude is one of drift and those who should decide on a policy here are too tired and too preoccupied to come to grips with a baffling problem. Even now it would not be too late if the British could decide to make a Jewish home, even though on much more restricted lines than many Jews desire, and then having made their decision, announce it and see it through without yielding to either Jewish or Arab pressure. Both sides would accept a settlement, under protest, if one were announced, but to drift is to end up on the rocks.

White Hopes in Aviation

The White Paper on "International Air Transport," like some of its recent predecessors on other subjects, is an exercise in the art of making the best of a bad job. In particular, it shows a sudden and welcome conversion to many views and proposals consistently urged by Labour Members of Parliament and as consistently rebutted by Government spokesmen. Its sound analysis of the causes of the muddle in European aviation in the inter-war years, and its unexceptionable summary of the objectives for the future, draw, very properly, on the recent work done by the Labour Party in *Wings for Peace*, by P. E. P., and by the Civil Aviation Sub-committee of the Fabian Industrial Bureau. But having correctly attributed past confusions to national rivalries, which were expressed in cynical and undignified haggles over rights and concessions, the Government's proposals suggest no way of preventing the same evils arising in the future. The frontiers drawn in the sky are to remain; and the volume of each nation's aircraft crossing them is to be regulated by an "authority" whose decisions will be the outcome of hard bargaining between rival national interests. Perhaps the most significant thing in the White Paper is the inferential admission, which peers out from the disguising verbiage of the opening paragraph, that the Mother Country has failed to reach agreement with the Dominions; obviously the Canberra Agreement, which calls, rightly, for international ownership and operation (and not merely control), and, in default of this, for government ownership, is too strong a dish for a Beaverbrook or a Swinton to stomach.

The Trade Unions Act

The Trades Union Congress General Council has had again to report inability to get anything done about the amendment of the Trade Unions Act of 1927. Last year, the Union of Post Office Workers was persuaded to withdraw its application for affiliation to the T.U.C. by the statement that withdrawal would ease the conditions for a settlement. But the Tories—and Mr. Churchill—have apparently still refused to give way a single inch. The Act does not directly ban the affiliation of the Civil Service Unions to the T.U.C.: what it does is to forbid Civil Servants to belong to a Union so affiliated, and thus to threaten every member of any such Union with severe disciplinary penalties—in effect, dismissal. Obviously, such a threat could not be implemented if the Postal workers or any other large group of Civil Servants really made up their minds to defy it—as the U.P.W. had made up its mind last year, until it was dissuaded by the T.U.C. and Labour Party leaders, who did not want a crisis in their relations with the Government. It was, however, generally understood that, if the U.P.W. withdrew its application, concessions would be made. They have not been made. The U.P.W. should renew its application.

The T.U.C. and the Press

In stipulating that reporters covering the Conference proceedings must be members of the National Union of Journalists, the T.U.C. was pursuing a correct aim by the wrong means, and thereby laying itself open to misrepresentation. Of course the concerted cry of the Tory newspaper owners, that this was an attack on the freedom of the press, is bunkum. The real argument against the Press Lords is that the N.U.J. is a Union whose function is to protect its members from exploitation; that this cannot be done effectively without a "closed shop" in newspapers; and that the T.U.C. should give the Union full support in securing from all newspaper ownerships an agreement not to employ non-unionists. But it is illegitimate for the T.U.C. or any public gathering to dictate which reporte shall attend. Suppose the Football Associatio stipulated that only ex-members of League Clu should be given Press passes for matches. Mor over, though the T.U.C., as Sir Walter Citri hinted, may have had good reason to compl of unfair reporting in the past, membership the N.U.J. affords no guarantee that a repor will not misrepresent speakers or issues, or th his copy will not be given an unfair twist direction of the proprietor.

"No" to Plymouth

Mr. W. S. Morrison's reason for rejecting th "Plymouth" amendment to the Town a Country Planning Bill was that it raised questio of local government boundary reorganisatio which ought not to be decided without the mo careful consideration, and that these very questio had been under discussion with the representati associations of local authorities, and were to be th subject of a White Paper in the very near futu He also tried to make out that Plymouth, losing 40,000 of its citizens, would probably suff no real financial loss—presumably on the ve odd assumption that the poor would tend to mo out of the borough, while the well-to-do remaine This is nonsense. Mr. Morrison also argued th planning areas could now, some by sheer accide coincide with aims of local administration, a sang the praises of joint town planning committe which depend on the voluntary co-operation a number of independent local authorities. Wh this means is only too clear. The Governme has already pledged itself to the local authoriti not to make major changes in local governme structure; and the studies which it has bee making in preparation for the coming White Pap are known to be limited to minor bounda readjustments, such as must entirely fail to me the needs of towns which require comprehensi replanning. This rules out a regionalism whi would give unifying authorities for town a country planning within manageable areas. Ev the boundary readjustments necessary for r planning in blitzed areas are being refuse

The Northolt Houses

The demonstration houses erected by th Ministry of Works at Northolt are a great di appointment. The Government have publishe some excellent books and reports on post-w housing, including the joint production of th Health and Works Ministries, *Housing Manu* 1944. In this the impression was given that th Northolt houses would embody new ideas construction and use of materials. True, som pre-fabrication and the introduction of nov features have been attempted, but there is litt evidence of their imaginative use. In fact, the examples show an effort to subordinate ne materials to familiar and, in some cases, discredite designs. In one house after another there a instances of old-fashioned heating arrangemen badly-proportioned windows and obsolete plum ing. For demonstration purposes, new materi are tried in one pair of houses, new features li kitchen equipment, heating appliances and la out in others, with the idea that the mo successful combination can be selected. At pr sent, there is no single model which is satisfyi Many of them only just conform or fail satisfy the Dudley Committee's recommend tion that a floor space of nine hundred feet sho be the irreducible minimum for post-war hous Although severely critical of the Northolt hous the expert who visited them on our behalf agr that they are a vast improvement upon the avera standard. But they are not examples of what cou be done, if the ingenuity and engineering sk which have produced many attractive individu features were not side-tracked into traditional pat which do not permit the co-ordination of tho good features. If Northolt is really an e periment with that end in view, all well a good. But time is running short.

PARLIAMENT : Welsh Harping

Wednesday, noon.

HE exclusively Welsh day for which Welsh mbers had waited 400 years (said Megan yd George in her attractive opening speech) vided a somewhat monotonous demonstration entimental nationalism. There was much talk Wales "as a unit" and of its "special prob- s"; but it was left to Aneurin Bevan (the Bad ry at any christening) to say that Wales had special problems at all, and that the debate therefore "humbug."

On the committee stages of the House of mmons (Redistribution of Seats) Bill there e further entertaining debates on the City of ndon and the University representations. tt disposed ironically of the claim that the City e headquarters of Lord Kylsant and Co.— ld be regarded as a stronghold of freedom progress. Sir George Elliston thought it ch bad business" for Members so to heapen the City and reduce its dignity." Lord nterton said that the City had "behaved ex- mely badly over the Lord George Gordon ots," and that there was small logical argument the retention of this representation. Votes: the City, 163; against, 38.

It was Pritt, again, who led the attack on the iversity representation—so unacrimoniously, wever, that Alan Herbert (Oxford University) nked "the cannibal king for the comparatively derate way in which he heated up the pot." rbert could not resist one of his sneers at Soviet Union: "Even in that enlightened progressive country, Russia, I doubt whether ne man one vote' is in very active operation; l, if the claim is made, we all know who the e Man is." Quintin Hogg put the strictly *ad nominem* case for the University representation as substantially as it could be put. Ivor Thomas said, with condescension, that the Universities were "beginning now to send better men to the House." Mr. Pickthorn (Cambridge University): "I would like to ask the honourable gentleman if he really thinks that I am an improvement on Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton?" Votes: for the Universities, 152; against, 16.

On Friday there was a heated and confused debate on the 24/- a week to which the Government propose to increase unemployment benefit. Many Members said that this wasn't enough to live on. Bevin said that it wasn't meant to be, and that a man could get extra allowances simultaneously from the Unemployment Assistance Board—an assurance which several Members heard with incredulous surprise, but which depleted the opposition lobby to 6.

At question-time Dick Law would not commit the Government on the future of the Dodecanese; Godfrey Nicholson inquired neatly if these islands were to be regarded "as former Italian colonies or as part of metropolitan Italy." Boothby embarrassed Law by pressing him to say how many precedents there were for the "personal" ambassadorial status of Mr. Duff Cooper, who remains in Paris eminent but unaccredited. Llewellin announced extra rations for Christmas, and was tempted by Miss Rathbone's anxiety for the people of liberated Europe into the inaccurate but demagogic boast that the British people had been on "as strict a ration as anybody" during this war. Attlee announced that the Government were "most anxious" that the Town and Country Planning Bill should be completed this week, "so that it may be sent to Another Place" (rude and raucous laughter, and cries of "Where's that?").

PONTIFEX MINOR.

THE COAL CRISIS

HE tragic farce continues, with the Minister of el and Power in the thankless role of lugubrious wn. Last Friday it was announced that ajor Lloyd George had fully discussed the vity of the coal situation with the mineowners, o duly assured him of their "assistance" in endeavours to secure greater production of l. Since the coalowners had just succeeded in voking the threat of a complete stoppage in rkshire by their declared intention to break ng-standing agreement for special treatment of ek-end shifts, the announcement had its funny e; but there is nothing humorous in the coal sition, for which Minister and mineowners jointly responsible. All the little shifts of licy, within broad assumptions which have mained entirely unchanged, have failed to eck the ominous decline in coal output.

We are to-day and have been for some time st using up the stocks which we accumulated 1940, when, on the fall of France and the rrunning of most of the Continent, the main t of our export trade suddenly disappeared. e Bevin boys, the option for men called up to er mining instead of the armed forces, the urn from the colours of such miners as the rvices could be persuaded to release—all these pedients have failed to reverse the trend. Coal duction does down and down; and the cost coal goes up and up. We are faced with the spect of empty grates in poor households, le or no coal available for export, and fuel ces at a level fatal to the competitive power of itish manufacture.

What is at the root of the trouble? Not ikes, not even the absenteeism of whose growth Minister of Fuel has once more complained. 1942 and 1943 the amount of tonnage lost by putes was under a million tons a year—though was higher in the early months of the present ar. Voluntary absenteeism accounted altogether less than 5 per cent. of the total shifts that uld have been worked—a rate certainly low in nparison with that in industry as a whole. The erage miner worked more shifts per week in 1943 than in 1938—5.12 as against 4.96. Strikes and absenteeism, popular scapegoats as they are, can be dismissed as principal causes of a decline in output of over 32 million tons between 1938 and 1943, and of the continuing decline in the present year. In looking for causes of the crisis, it is necessary to consider, not only the deterioration since 1939, but also what was wrong, and very badly wrong, even then.

Indeed, the immediate causes of falling output are clear enough. The plain fact is that the miners are getting old, and the skilled miners fewer. The industry is paying for its failure to enlist and train before the war enough boys to make up for the inevitable wastage of skilled miners from death, retirement, accident and disease, which all take their heavy toll; and no possible amount of emergency recruitment of Bevin boys and others can put this right. There is only one practicable way of remedying the coal shortage—and even that must take time. It is to bring about conditions under which the average miner can produce a considerably increased tonnage of coal. It is sometimes argued that this is out of the question, because the British mines—even more than the miners—are getting old; but the real explanation is that the technique of coal-mining in this country has been allowed to fall seriously behind. An American miner produced before the war nearly four times, a Polish miner nearly twice, and a Ruhr or a Dutch miner one and a half times as much coal per man-shift as a British miner—not because these other workers are more skilled or more industrious, but because they operated under different technical conditions. In all these countries much more use was made of machinery, and the mining industry was much better organised.

The British coal industry stands in need of a technical revolution; but that will not occur without a real change of control, of such a nature as to involve a change of ownership. Nominally, the State to-day does control the mines; but it controls them in such a way that no effective step towards the required revolution can be made. It controls, not the industry as a whole, but each separate commercial concern of which it is made up; and, dealing with each concern as a separate unit, it can alter nothing of the industry's structure. It can close a pit here or a pit there; but it cannot impose any national production plan for the industry, or even for individual districts. It can equate costs by means of levies imposed on output; but there is no guarantee that this system is not used by the owners as a screen to hide the inefficiency of the "necessitous" pits. It has its regional controller in each coalfield, with nominally extensive powers; but its colliery managers remain responsible, not directly to the State, but to the companies which pay their salaries.

The owners contend that it would be treason to the principle of coalition to disturb their ownership in time of war, even as they argued that it would be a violation of natural and prescriptive rights to disturb it in time of peace. In effect they deny the need for a technical revolution because to admit such a need would be also to admit their incompetence to meet it. They have had their chance, not once but again and again; and, instead of taking it, they have allowed their industry to decline year after year, and have successfully obstructed every mild measure that the State has tried to take in the hope of inducing them to behave better. They successfully defeated the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission set up after the Samuel pattern; they opposed as long as they could, and then did their best to render ineffective, the nationalisation of the coal itself and the Coal Commission set up in connection with that measure. They took full advantage of the powers of price and output control conferred on them by a Labour Government which shrank from fighting them outright. The economics of scarcity they understood, and showed themselves ready enough to practise. The economics of abundance were beyond their ken, because they postulated conditions of ownership which made the necessary technical revolution an impossibility.

The indictment by the U.S. coal mission which visited this country last spring has, unwarrantably, been suppressed; but one sentence in the meagre summary released to the press is worth reciting. The mission reported that a considerable amount of American underground mining machinery sent to this country during the war had "not yet been put into use." Here is one result of nationalising the coal but leaving its extraction in the hands of private ownership. But the failure to make adequate use of machinery to facilitate production is one instance only of the way the industry has been crippled by lack of modernisation, by an archaic wage structure, and by the cumulative embitterment of industrial relations. The miner, to-day, cynical and mindful of past injustices and betrayals, rightly mistrusts both coalowners and Government. Yet industrial relations in the coal industry would improve fast enough when once the colliery owners were safely out of the way. It would then be a question of arriving at a new basis for relations between technicians and administrators acting on behalf of the public and looking to the public for their future means of livelihood, and manual workers who would be in no fear lest increased output would mean a return to mass-unemployment as soon as immediate needs had been met. There is a real problem of industrial relations in the coal industry; but it is an insoluble problem as long as it is envisaged as one of relations between owners and miners, rather than between the manual and non-manual groups concerned with the production of coal.

What, then, ought to be done? The answer is plain: the coal industry must be nationalised, not because nationalisation is in itself a panacea, but because it is the essential condition for reversing the present disastrous trend. No alternative, no half-measures will provide the economic and social foundation for the technical revolution which has to be brought about if we are to get the coal we need.

VYING FOR ARAB FAVOUR

[*This article, which we publish, in a slightly shortened form, by arrangement with the New York magazine* Asia, *presents an American view of the conflict of interests and policies in the Middle East.—Ed.* N.S. & N.]

After the Nazis were driven out of North Africa, although the Axis menace to the British Empire route had been in great measure removed, Britain still kept intensifying her efforts to bring about an understanding with the Arab countries. These efforts were largely aimed at creating a federation of Arab States. Britain is looking ahead to the time when she may have to rely on Arab friendship to thwart future designs on the Eastern Mediterranean basin by any great rival Power. She is doing this at the expense of antagonising the Zionists, who for the past quarter of a century relied on British support to establish a national home in Palestine. But though the broad aims of the Zionists have been frustrated by the new turn in British policy, this does not mean that the British Government will not welcome the presence of a Jewish State on Arab soil. Should the Arab countries, singly or as a federated bloc, refuse to co-operate with Britain, she will have a ready excuse for intervention in order to protect a minority of half a million Zionists in the Holy Land.

But the British have also taken other safeguards to maintain a firm control and wield an effective influence over the Arab East. Either by treaty or expropriation they have established air and naval bases in strategic points. Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Egypt are dotted with British airfields. Haifa and Aden are British naval ports. The British Navy also has access to the important ports of Alexandria and Beirut, as well as to other strategic points on the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

Although King Ibn Saud, who reigns over the major part of the Arabian peninsula, is on good terms with the British, it was through British support that the Hashimite royal house was established in Iraq under the late King Faisal, and in Transjordan under his elder brother, Amir Abdullah. To-day the Saudis and Hashimites maintain cordial relations, but friction between the two royal houses has not been entirely removed. Should any of them think of causing the British a headache, it would not be a difficult task for the British to put one against the other.

Britain has always claimed priority in the Arab East on the strength of her economic interests in that area. Unlike Soviet Russia and the United States, the British Isles have no natural oil resources. A modern industrial nation cannot survive without oil. Therefore, Britain can contend that she is entitled to keep oilfields which she has acquired abroad. Some of the richest British oilfields are in Arab territories. Furthermore, Britain must export. Compared with India, the Arab East, including Egypt, offers a modest but by no means negligible market. The Arab countries have during the past quarter-century created a rising demand for imported finished commodities. It will be a considerable time before those countries become industrially self-sufficient, for the population is preponderantly rural, and it will take many years to build up large industries.

Now, since 1942, the Arab world, including North Africa, has witnessed intensified Soviet diplomatic activity. Previously, British and French anti-Russian propaganda, whether overt or clandestine, had been subtle and effective. To the Arab feudal lord, Communistic Russia was pictured as his arch enemy. To the pious Arab masses she was described as an anti-religious nation, determined to punish or kill any person who worshipped God. The Arab middle class, consisting of merchants and artisans who eked out a modest or bare living, was sold the idea that it would be enslaved under a regimented Soviet order. Thus, although the Arabs were indignant at European imperialism, they at the same time grew suspicious of an iconoclastic Russia that would undermine their conservative way of life. Both Britain and France had refused to grant the Soviet Union permission to establish diplomatic relations in the Arab mandated territories. Except for what the Arab intelligentsia read in smuggled books and articles, written mostly by French Communists, the Arabs knew practically nothing about any advantages accruing from a social pattern modelled after the Soviet regime. But things have changed since 1941. To-day the Soviet Government has accredited agents in Egypt, Iraq and other Arab-speaking countries. Ibn Saud had established diplomatic relations with it several years before the second World War.

Though no Arab countries hem the southern borders of the Soviet Union, any major Power militarily entrenched in the Arab East could interfere with Russia's age-old ambition to find outlets to the Eastern Mediterranean and the Arabian Sea. The Soviet Union is likely, therefore, to seek strategic bases in the Arab East to counteract any British designs, should Soviet and British policies conflict, once the war is over. Either Britain will relinquish her military control, which is unlikely, because, as we have seen, the Arab East is vital for her survival as a great European Power, or the Soviet Union, through diplomatic channels and the influence she is steadily gaining all over the Near East, will try to lease air and naval bases from the Arabs. A third alternative would be a compromise, whereby the major Powers would gain equal access to any strategic areas which might affect their individual or collective interests.

The Arab East is the nucleus of the Muslim world, which numbers over two hundred and fifty million people. Over sixty per cent. of them live under British influence. Only about fifteen millions live in the Soviet Union, mostly in the southern republics. But the Soviet Muslim who goes on a pilgrimage to Mecca or is sent to study in Cairo's Al-Azhar, the largest Islamic university, also is an unofficial zealous missionary for the Soviet regime among his co-religionists. And, since Mecca and Al-Azhar are annually visited by Muslims from all over the world, the ideas disseminated by Soviet pilgrims and students may have far-reaching consequences.

The majority of Arabs suffer from poverty and lack of technical skill to develop the natural resources of their land. Most of their tribal sheikhs and overlords are too conservative to introduce any fundamental social and economic reforms among their people. But the past two years have seen many educated Arabs banding themselves together in groups under the name of "The Friends of the Soviet Union." A Communist Party has been legally instituted in Lebanon and Syria. The first secretary of the Soviet Legation in Cairo is a Muslim and a highly esteemed Arabic scholar. His house has become the meeting place of the Egyptian intelligentsia. Reports are current that after the war the Soviet Union will offer to send experts to help the Arabs develop their countries with the latest modern technical methods. . . .

In the past very little trade was transacted between either Czarist or Soviet Russia and the Arab East. But conditions have changed. Better and faster transport facilities have narrowed long distances. New railways have recently been built which bring Southern Russia nearer to the Arab countries. The trans-Iranian line has linked the Caspian and the Caucasus with the Persian Gulf. The sea route between the Russian Black Sea territory and the Syrian coastline and Egypt is far shorter than any that connects the Arab East with the industrial countries of Western Europe. All indications point to the rapid development of post-war trade between the Soviet Union and Arabia. The U.S.S.R. will be willing to buy any amount of citrus fruits, cotton, wool, hides, ve table oils and other raw materials which the Ar East can produce. In exchange she can se lumber and timber products, grains and surplu of various manufactured goods.

Until the U.S.A. entered the present world w American interests in the Arab East cent chiefly around educational, missionary and phila thropic activities. However, a few years a American firms successfully negotiated oil co cessions in Saudi Arabia and Bahrein. Ibn Sa preferred to deal with Americans, because t United States had never manifested imperialis aims in any region of South-Western Asia. O the contrary, the Arabs considered the U.S.A be genuinely altruistic. But the United Sta has also won a world-wide reputation for mo tangible things: American automobiles, movi and radios bought by the Arabs, as well as mon sent from the United States by Lebanese, Syri and Palestinian immigrants, contributed towar making America popular in the Arab East.

The United States also enjoyed great presti —not, as many writers have suggested, becau of Arab respect for might, but because, unli Britain and France, she has never yet attempte to interfere with the internal affairs of the Ar countries. The United States Government w well advised when recently it desisted from inte vening on behalf of Zionist pressure groups, wh have clamoured for unrestricted Jewish immigr tion into Palestine. There is as yet no midd course between retaining Arab good will a helping the Zionists to attain their ambitions i the Holy Land.

Though the United States Government h made several declarations about broad issu involved in its foreign policy, very little light h been shed on American intentions in the Ar East. However, one thing is certain. The Unite States has decided to have a stake in the development of the Arab countries for politico-econom reasons. The war over, the United States, t save her national economy from ruin, must crea work for millions of demobilised men and wome now in her armed forces. Furthermore, she h repeatedly promised to participate in the rehabil tation of Europe. Since American oil alo cannot supply the tremendous quantities whic the gigantic post-war projects will deman Arabian oil may well be considered vital for carr ing out these reconstruction programmes i European countries, especially those countri with no oil resources of their own.

The United States considers Great Britain he first line of defence against any great Power o coalition of Powers resolved on further territori expansion with world military or econom domination as the ultimate objective. Britain wi emerge from this war a weakened and impove ished nation, which cannot possibly regain he former strength without American support. Ther is as yet no certainty that complete harmony wi prevail among all the Allies when the fightin ceases. For this reason Britain and the Unite States are convinced that the post-war worl cannot be successfully policed unless the strateg Arab East is made safe from any powerful Sta or European bloc that may try to control i Hence, aside from its Arabian oil, gold and commercial interests, the United States is committe to acting as a prop to Britain, should the latter position in the Arab East be seriously menace

Summing up, the Arab East is at onc Europe's best gateway to Asia, a cardinal communication nexus between three continents, a abundant source of essential raw materials, steadily growing market for manufactured products, and, not least in importance, it is th religious and cultural centre of the Muslim worl

No wonder that both the Allies and the Ax have feverishly vied with one another to wi Arab favour. But though the German plan t capture the Arab East from the British has m with failure, only the future can tell whether th vital area will be stabilised by a wisely integrate Allied policy or again become the hotbed o international intrigues. JAMIL M. BAROODY

A LONDON DIARY

A PARCEL of land and buildings, whose value n 1939 was £3,000, was bought three years go by a speculative investor for £2,000. Under he new compensation clauses of the Town and Country Planning Bill, he will be able to extract early £4,000 (30 per cent. above 1939 value) rom the local authority which requires his roperty for rebuilding, provided that he can rove that he has "right to occupy it" within a eriod of five years. It therefore pays him to offer is tenants an attractive sum in cash if they will urrender to him their tenancy agreements and thus ive him the due title to re-possession. I cite this s an example of the profiteering for which the test compromise on compensation appears, at rst glance, to lend itself. I know that this ind of share-out is being widely practised in districts which have not suffered from enemy action. Here the result is an inflation of property values nd rentals which is bad enough in its social ffect, even though the person to suffer in the ong run is probably the individual purchaser. f this practice is extended to blitzed areas it will be the local ratepayer who will pay through he nose.

* * *

Though no B.B.C. announcer ever pronounces he letters EAM or ELAS (Mr. Churchill is aid to disapprove of both) it is no longer any ecret that Greece has been liberated by the opular resistance movement, that in spite of hreats to cut them off with a shilling, the Allies ave dropped them useful supplies and that, in pite of all that Cairo could do, the King will ot go back to Greece without the expressed wish of the people of Greece, which means in ll probability that he will not go back at all. EKKA, the rival body of officers, has thrown n its lot with EAM; Zervas, built up as a sort of minor Greek Mihailovitch, seems to have followed uit; the Greek troops interned in Egypt are back erving their country, the mutineers are pardoned; Athens is freed and mainly wants food nd lorries to take the place of the destroyed (and always scanty) railways. It is an encouraging moment with Cairo, that chief enemy of the more decent intentions of the Allies, in full etreat, and a struggling democracy ready no doubt to begin again making the salutory muddles that democracies do make.

* * *

Professor Angellopolous, the Greek Minister for Relief and Reconstruction, who is now in this country, seemed to me sanely optimistic about his country's future, when we talked the other day. No nation, except, I suppose, Poland, has suffered more in this war. No nation had o bitter an experience as the Greeks, who defeated the Italians in a protracted and bloody war, only to find themselves taken in the rear by the Germans and supported, inadequately and vainly, by the British, who quixotically threw away many lives and their African campaign to fulfil a promise. Since then, terrible hunger, German occupation and desperate popular resistance. Democracy has lived. Mr. Angelopolous told me the fascinating story of the Athenian elections held during the German occupation. Loud speakers appeared as if by magic, and urged everyone to vote, disappearing from the street corners before the Gestapo could arrive. The Germans were inclined to believe the elections were to be held on a hill outside Athens and took precautions. Actually the voters filled in forms in their homes, the voting papers moving from house to house, and 00,000 Athenians actually recorded their votes under the very noses of the Germans.

* * *

Noble Lords who could claim to be experts on international organisation—Lords Samuel, Cecil, Perth and Cranborne—united last week to praise the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. On the other side Lords Winster and Huntingdon pointed out that these were in fact only proposals for an alliance of Great Powers who would keep the peace, anyway, as long as they agreed, and plunge the world in war again if they thought their sovereign interests needed defending by the sacrifice of another few million lives. Lord Winster donned the mantle of Lord Davies, and talked of New Commonwealth and an International Police Force. Lord Cranborne described this speech as a jeremiad, but did not answer it. There is no answer. The truth is that there was no debate. Whether the discussion is between experts or common folk, whether it takes place in the Lords or the private bar of the Green Dragon the same deadlock is immediately reached. As long as nations claim sovereignty, and have competitive economies and Empires and spheres of interest which come first in their consideration, there can be no international federation or genuine international government. True, but ask anyone in America, U.S.S.R. or Britain if they are prepared to submit *all* disputes with other countries to an international court and agree to reduce their own armaments to dimensions smaller than those of an international police army, commanded, perhaps, by a Swede or a Turk, and what answer do you get? "Not practical politics." Behold the deadlock that follows from universal human incapacity to adjust political institutions to technical advance.

* * *

Reynolds revealed the strange fact last Sunday, that British firms, including the Co-operative Movement, are being prevented from advertising in Russian newspapers. America does not seem to have the same inhibitions about the supply of foreign currency for this purpose as the Bank of England, which is said to be responsible for the restrictions. I see that nearly eight hundred firms in the United States have applied for space in the official Soviet catalogue published for use by engineers, planners and purchasing agents, and that they are paying for anything up to fifteen pages each at £50 a page. Americans clearly intend to do good business with the U.S.S.R. after the war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer—who must assume responsibility for the Bank of England—is preventing advertisement of British goods and services; is that because he doubts if the expenditure of any of our limited supplies of foreign money for such purposes is justified? Whatever the argument I expect to hear that the Treasury has altered its mind.

* * *

Dr. Joad tells me that he was astonished to read in Wednesday's press that he had been the subject of an undergraduate rag in Trinity Great Court the night before. He addressed a packed meeting in the Combination Room; a great crowd outside could not get in. He had a singularly successful meeting and when he came out, the Great Court was almost empty. There was no attempt at an over flow meeting; he heard nothing of any tear-gas bombs; no one insulted him. On the contrary he was conscious only of a great deal of good-will and an encouraging meeting. What is the explanation of this story about the rag?

* * *

Looking at my walls, stripped of plaster by visiting doodle-bugs, it occurred to me that instead of bothering about plasterers who should be busy on more urgent jobs, we might as well accept our lattice of laths and try to make it presentable and useful. After all, people deliberately strip our ceilings to show the old beams. Surely old laths present similar opportunities. On reflection I've decided against convolvulus, ramblers, or runner-beans as likely to import an excess of insect life. But if any paint is available, patterns of yellow, black and white would look neat (red, white and blue would be patriotic I know, but a bit blatant) and the holes in between the laths can supply much valuable cupboard space. It is surprising how many papers, cigarette boxes, books and other miscellaneous articles can be conveniently shoved into these interstices. The area next my bed already holds *War and Peace* (3 volumes), the file of my last threatened libel action, my watch (strapped conveniently, face outwards, at night) and there is even room at one spot for a cup of morning tea (if there was anyone to bring it). I doubt if I shall want to go back to a flat, inhospitable expanse of wall.

* * *

When a group of Canadian M.P.s were in this country in 1941, they were invited to Cliveden. Recently an authentic story of this visit came to me from a friend who was present on the occasion. One of the party (politically, I think, rather a back-woodsman) found the conversation, after tea in the library, a bit outside his range. He started looking round the shelves and at once found some enormous eighteenth century books with fine engravings, bound in an exquisite uniform ivory cover. Turning to Lord Astor (who did not tell me the story!), he said, with a smile of pleasure: "This, I suppose, is the famous Cliveden set?"

* * *

The Russian delegation to the T.U.C. was for the first time led by a Soviet spokesman whose English was excellent and who understood both the psychology of the Conference and the proud traditions of Blackpool. The resolution on the future of Germany did not deal with the long-term problem or rebut the Chairman's plea that Labour must seek to cooperate with democratic German Trade Unions, when they again come into existence. The difference of opinion arose over reparations. The Conference decided, very properly in my view, that Germany's resources should be devoted to rebuilding the Europe which her armies have devastated.

* * *

I should hate to let this surprisingly apt remark of Himmler's pass into obscurity:

> With great concern I have watched all these years how in Germany, and in the Wehrmacht particularly, we are not so very particular about the truth.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. E. Barlow.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. John Mumford, and as they entered the church Miss Rogers, who was at the organ, played bridal music, which at the bridegroom's request was interspersed with strains of "Rescue the Perishing."—*The Scillonian.*

Help to win the peace by selling your vacant, blitzed property to a speculator, who will pay cash. —*Advert in Portsmouth Evening News.*

He is remembered as an active and energetic M.P. On one occasion he secretly took a sample of milk served at the House to test its purity; on another he put a question which led to the withdrawal of a foreign sauce with which M.P.s flavoured their oysters.—*Evening Standard.*

My dog was loaned to the Ministry of Aircraft Production over two years ago. Since when, apart from a censored letter once a month from his keeper, I have never seen him. Surely now some of these dogs could be returned.—Letter in *Sunday Express.*

There is Mexico taking over the oilfields owned by British investors and developed by millions of our money. There are South Americans defaulting, and after the war cancellation of debts and seizing of properties owned by British companies may be wholesale. Are we going to tolerate this? Why not send a few men-o'-war and give naval recruits gun practice by blowing about the robbers and bring them to book, just as we did in the good old days?—*Golf Monthly.*

THE AMERICAN ELECTION

Less than three weeks from now America will go to the polls; and the result may well be as momentous for the future of our civilisation as the fateful contest of 1940. For, on any showing, the influence of the United States in the next decade of history will be overwhelming. No other country has the same productive capacity; and no other country can do so much, after victory, to make the path to recovery smooth and swift if it makes the right choice.

No prediction of the outcome has any certainty about it. Though President Roosevelt is a brilliant campaigner, his mind is on the war rather than on the electoral battle. He will suffer from the fact that most of the younger voters have been deprived of the franchise by a coalition of the reactionaries of his own party with the Republicans. He will suffer, also, from the temporary and artificial prosperity that war always brings; economic well-being usually leads both to a small poll, which means a vote of the older electors, and a swing towards Republicanism. He will suffer, further, from the fact that he is asking for a fourth term, and there are many people who dislike intensely so vast a departure from tradition. And there will be arrayed against him not only the power of that privilege and reaction he has done so much to discredit in his years of office; there will be also the suspicion, on the Left, that since his fourth term is bound to be his last term, it will be marked, if he wins, by a conflict between him and Congress which is bound to seek a restoration of the authority and prestige it has lost to him in the last twelve years. It is true that he has many great measures to his credit; it is true, also, that he will be, like Woodrow Wilson, a President who can offer a great victory to his people. But it must not be forgotten that his very virtues have made him perhaps the most hated President since Abraham Lincoln, and his recent sacrifice of Vice-President Wallace on the altar of the city bosses and their machines makes it clear that he has a hard fight to retain the mastery of his party. He is the Democratic candidate less because of his outstanding achievements than because, after three terms, there is no other Democrat with a serious chance of beating the Republicans. As always, after an epoch of excitement, the drift towards a President who will assure men of a quiet time is obvious on every hand.

The unexpected and regrettable death of Mr. Willkie is likely, moreover, to be of great assistance to the Republican candidate, Mr. Dewey. So long as Mr. Willkie was active, Mr. Dewey was driven to erect at least the façade of a Progressive outlook. He had to insist that his internationalism was as profound as the President's; he had to talk as though, on the domestic plane, he not only accepted the main principles of the New Deal, but would, if elected, apply them with an administrative efficiency which Mr. Roosevelt had failed to attain. He was driven to this technique because he did not dare to risk the opposition of Mr. Willkie and his supporters. But, with Mr. Willkie removed from the political scene, the natural impulses of Mr. Dewey have full play. He can become the simple expression of the Republican machine without fear of attack from within his own party. He becomes the symbol of Main Street Republicanism; he can accept without difficulty all that Big Business and "America First" are eager to impose. He will pay, of course, lip-service to the idea of victory; but, with Mr. Willkie gone, the uses to which he will insist that victory be put are pretty well comprised in the philosophy of which ex-President Hoover is the symbol. What Mr. Dewey would really offer, if he won, would be a return to America of the nineteen-twenties. The lessons of the Great Depression and the war have made no serious impact on his mind.

Though some of his supporters are trying hard to make Mr. Dewey look both mature and important, it cannot be said that they are very successful. For Mr. Dewey has that kind of rigid obstinacy which makes him, in his forties, very much what he was when he first emerged as a public figure. He has no elasticity of mind. His speeches are recitations delivered in the manner of the prize boy at the school commencement. He dare not unbend lest he give away the fact that he is still nothing more than a natural District Attorney who knows how to use the able subordinates with whom he is provided. Not even the experience of the governorship of New York has made him understand the wider issues that a President will have to confront in the next four years. He takes what the old Republican hands provide for him, and proclaims it on the platform rather like Mr. Vincent Crummles when he was the object of a benefit performance. That is why he is the Republican candidate. The machine of his party knows that he can be relied upon never to leave the track it has so carefully defined. And after twelve years of President Roosevelt, there are many million Americans who long for a man in the White House who is as malleable as President Harding and has the merit of being free from the clutches of a gang like that of Harry Dougherty and his Ohio friends.

It looks as though the election will be a near thing. The Negroes seem to be swinging back in the North to their traditional Republican allegiance. Big Business wants the chance of a return to the days of the pre-depression epoch. The small business man is disturbed at the growing claims to a place in the sun by Mr. Sidney Hillman and his trade union friends. The families with husbands or brothers or sons in the war look with considerable trepidation on the prospect of a world-organisation which involves the United States in responsibilities for future peace.

While all this may help Mr. Dewey, President Roosevelt has solid assets. Everyone realises how large a share he has had in the making of the victory that is near at hand. Most people see that his experience in the international field will be of the first importance in laying the foundations of peace. Despite the defection of Mr. John L. Lewis, the vote of the workers is likely to go to him in overwhelming proportions. However much he may be hated by his opponents, there is a deep sense everywhere in the United States that he belongs among the list of the great Presidents; and the little man, as well as the little woman, has the conviction that it is mainly for his virtues that he is hated. The people still remember the agony of the Great Depression, and the magic way in which he restored to the nation a sense of confidence in itself. He has made mistakes, some of them big mistakes. His approach to politics is empirical rather than logical. He has what is perhaps an excessive enjoyment of the process of using now one set of advisers and now another. During the war he has had a defective vision of the impact of domestic upon foreign affairs; and, rather like Mr. Churchill, he has kept men and women in office long after their utility was exhausted. And he has played with city bosses, like Hague of Jersey City and Kelly of Chicago, who are more notable for their power than for their character.

But, when all this is said, Mr. Roosevelt emerges as a really great man, capable of large visions and able, even when temporarily defeated, to keep firm hold of the big end he has in view. Mr. Dewey is as far below the class to which the President belongs as a student who knows mathematics up to matriculation standard is below a Cambridge wrangler. I think this is realised by the mass of the American people, and I think it points to a Roosevelt victory next month. Whether that victory will be accompanied by a triumph in Congress is a very different, and much more doubtful, matter. If not, and if, as in 1918, the Republicans win the House of Representatives, the prospect for the world will be gloomy indeed. For we in Europe must make up our minds that once victory has been won in the field, the supreme objective of Mr. Roosevelt's opponents will be to prepare for success in 1948 by organising the sabotage of all policies which the President seeks to sponsor.

Harold J. Laski

POULTRY

Fond though I was of hens, ducks and turkeys—not of geese, perhaps—during my childhood, I seem to have grown up knowing very little about them. There they were in the farmyard, a glorious menagerie unimprisoned, to be looked at, named and fed, but presenting no problems except at brooding time. The clocking hen, as we called the maternal type who wished to sit on her eggs, had in three cases out of four to be discouraged; but, apart from this, poultry could live their own lives, hale and happy, till the crack of doom that brought them, decently disguised, to the table.

Since becoming a poultry-keeper in a small way during the war, however, I have found that bird welfare is not such a simple matter as it once seemed. I have noticed little to worry about in the behaviour of my own four hens—why, by the way, do country people nowadays call hens "chickens"?—but, hoping to do the best by them, I bought the weekly paper *Modern Poultry Keeping,* in order to increase my knowledge of the most patient of the servants of mankind. To my distress I discovered that hens, instead of being the healthy creatures of my childhood, are susceptible to almost all the ailments of mankind. One of the first articles in the paper was entitled "Much Liver Trouble Could be Avoided," and in it I learned that hens are liable to so many diseases that a poultry-farm seems to me little more than a hospital. First, there is fatty degeneration of the liver, which occurs in anæmia and diabetes, and is associated with fowl cholera and tuberculosis. Then there is false jaundice (erythomyelosis), a disease of the bone marrow and not a liver disorder; and leukæmia, for which there is no known cure. I also learned that it is important to keep a nervous eye on the combs of hens. "Blueness nearly always indicates internal trouble of some sort, probably congestion of some organ, while almost white combs mean their wearers are anæmic, and yellowish ditto show that livers are out of order." Grimly enough, the writer adds: "It rarely pays to treat sick birds, and should you have one affected in this way surely you don't intend to let her drag on perhaps through winter, only to expire eventually." Euthanasia apparently has won its first triumph in the poultry yard.

A page later we have an article entitled "The Winter Domestic Drinker"—a title that again makes hens seem curiously human. The "drink question," as it is called, in the poultry yard, however, seems to resolve itself into a matter of keeping a small stove alight under the drinking vessel. Never before surely were hens so coddled as they are being coddled to-day. One writer in *Modern Poultry Keeping* even suggests that they should be provided with a sun parlour. Another tells us on some authority or other how to protect hens from foxes. "If poultry eat the lungs or light of fox," says this authority, "the foxes won't eat those poultry." This, however, is recorded rather sceptically as a superstition.

I confess I had never felt so ignorant of what happens in the poultry yard as when I read this excellent paper. Never before did I know that it was an important thing to shorten the spurs of cocks at the beginning of winter. And the method of doing this seemed rather too Torquemada-ish for my fancy. "Get someone," says our mentor, "to hold the cock firmly, and present each leg in turn so that you can burn the sharp points down to within an inch of the shank with a couple of hot pokers applied alternately. Two, because otherwise you'll have to wait while one is being reheated, for several applications are necessary. This causes no pain provided care taken not to let the iron slip." Even so, I not help feeling that I shall never be an expert ltry-keeper.

should never, for example, be able to tell en a pullet was suffering from red mite, or how judge day-old chicks, noting the absence of wisted toes, crooked beaks, improperly healed vels, small eyes, enlarged hocks or other malfortions." I do not know what an auto-sexing eding pen is, or an electric hatch-rear heater. ne of the hens I knew ever needed such things. ey lived and laid with no more interference n being fed twice a day and being locked up night in the henhouse. I never even heard a chicken's suffering from jaundice, either false true. No chicken ever died of cirrhosis of the r on my grandfather's farm.

As I grow older, however, I seem to care less out the hen family. The hen is surely the least eresting of the caged birds; and the only hens know nowadays live behind wire. They have parently no ambition to be free, and they are t fit to be free. Open the door of the coop them; and with their graceless legs they immetely begin to work havoc in the flower-beds, king up a pound of earth for a pinpoint of d. No hen that I ever heard of could pass en the meanest intelligence test. They are the upidest of slaves, caring for nothing but eating. may be, I admit, that we are partly responsible this. Those of us who keep them only for e sake of their eggs impose servitude on them om the day of their arrival. Domestic animals, ey are allowed none of the pleasures of mesticity. Cut off from male companionship, ey know nothing of family life; yet it is as a other that a hen shows the most beautiful side her character. A hen choking down her food om a tin dish may be dull-looking enough; but hen with chickens is one of the world's fine ectacles. How unselfish she is as, neglecting e calls of her own hunger, she summons her etty little brood to eat! How courageous she n be as, with a gamecock's fierceness, she flies the face of a stranger who threatens them! erhaps, when we grow more civilised, we shall ve a law that no hen must be denied the blessgs of family life. Only in such circumstances n a hen develop her personality and become telligent enough to incite ornithologists to write tters to the weekly papers in praise of her.

For, so far as I can see, it is the free birds ho are the most intelligent. The gander with s dames and his brood can find his way about e world—at least, as far as the end of the ommon—and is independent of man as he ranges ter his food. So proud is his spirit as he arches along the road at the head of his household, that again and again he refuses to give right way even to a motor coach. Stately and disainful, he has taught the younger part of manind to respect and fear him, so that it is thought mark of courage not to flee at his approach but stand and say "Boh" to him as he stretches is neck and hisses.

Even so, the goose is not my favourite among e fowls. The goose is too conceited to have y sense of equality with us. Even a Victorian ould scarcely have spoken of a gander as a athered friend. The duck, on the other hand, a perpetual charmer. Hear her in the morning s with a prolonged fortissimo qua-a-a-ck she half emands and half appeals to have the door of er cage opened; and you will have to admit that ere are few more exhilarating voices in nature. ee two ducks—it is all we possess—waddling Indian file towards the garden gate in order reach the pond on the other side of the road, obbing their heads up and down as they walk, nd you will realise that the life of a domestic nimal can be a very happy one. How musically ey guzzle among the mud at the edge of the ond. Gluttony is seldom attractive, but it is n added grace in a duck. The complete grace f the duck can be seen, however, only when she oats off on the water. It cannot be said of the uck that she walks in beauty, but she certainly wims in beauty. No beaked ship of ancient times had lines to compare with her. Two boat-shaped white ducks, inseparable as Damon and Pythias, moving over the face of the water, their reflections crossing the reflections of the willow trees, are a spectacle unrivalled in the world of domestic animals. Nor does their behaviour lack variety. At one moment they are standing on their heads gorging on the muddy water. A little later they are tossing the water over their backs with their crowns and wagging their tails, not with the servility of dogs, but out of ecstatic enjoyment. Soon they rise on their tails and flap their wings, quacking the song of the good life. Compared with the duck, the goose is all but a land bird, using the pond to drink from and to sail on occasionally, like a holiday-maker going boating. But the goose always before long wants to get back to dry land and grass. The duck is content with the world of water and mud till nightfall. And, if the gate is not open at nightfall, she will find a way through a gap in the hedge thirty yards away. No one who has ever known a duck intimately can doubt the intelligence of animals—at least, of some animals.

It is no wonder that all the world loves a duck. Even to the townsman, probably, ducks give more pleasure than any other birds. Wild or tame, they capture his eye on the London ponds, and lovers forget each other as, entranced, they watch the ducks. One could form an excellent Zoological Gardens out of ducks alone—the sheld-duck, the mallard, the gadwall, the garganey, the teal, the wigeon, the shoveller, the pintail, the pochard, the scan, the tufted duck, the golden-eye, the buffel-headed duck, the harlequin duck, the long-tailed duck, the eider duck, the scoter, the velvet-scoter, the goosander, the merganser and the smew.

But fine as these Arabian-Nights ducks are, I would take none of them in exchange for the two white ducks, one with a black feather in her wing, that I call home every night to shut them in from the foxes. It seems odd that *Modern Poultry Keeping* should regard the hen rather than the duck as the supremely interesting bird. On utilitarian grounds there may be something to be said for this; but for character, intelligence and grace of shape and of motion I for one would rank the duck as the nonpareil of domestic animals.

Y. Y.

"HAMLET" AT THE HAYMARKET

Hamlet is the most exciting, interesting and varied play in the world (has that been said before?) and we are never tired of seeing it. But is its close (Scene 2, Act V) up to the rest? True, it contains Hamlet's dying words, Horatio's farewell—passages unexcelled; but have you, in the theatre, ever been excited by the duel, the poisoned cup, the stabbing of the king? Or more moved by the corpse-strewn stage than, say, the Ambassador from England who entering with Fortinbras says, "The scene is dismal"? I have never had that luck. No: not in this new production at the Haymarket either, which in other portions of the play transmitted deep and delicate thrills. Is it then Shakespeare's fault? Does its power depend upon a naïve response to slaughter on which he can count no longer, or is the scene never properly performed? I have answers to these questions, but it would take too long to balance them. It must suffice to say that, in my opinion, the last scene up to the actual death of Hamlet and the appearance of Fortinbras must either be taken with such rapidity that it becomes a hurly-burly broken by exclamatory cries, or slow enough for every point noted by Granville Barker, in his *Preface to Hamlet*, to reach us. At the Haymarket it halted between those alternatives. It is one of the hardest scenes in all drama to conduct. Each character must be acting simultaneously and violently; but now one, now another, should focus our attention. Read the text from, say, "Gertrude, do not drink" to Hamlet's yell of "Treachery"—yes, he must yell—when the word "Poison," "fatal, memorable word" reaches his ears from her gasping lips. The Hamlet-Laertes struggle, of course, occupies the foreground, and it must be excitingly dangerous, yet somehow the King's agitated explanation of her fall, "She swoons to see them bleed," must get across the clash of swords. It must indeed be difficult to act the King during this scene, and as difficult to orchestrate it so that his good acting and the Queen's can tell. This was not done on Friday night, and I have never seen it done.

The remarkable pervasive merits of Mr. George Rylands's production are pace and intelligibility. The pace is most exhilarating (there are very few cuts), and I do not remember another performance of *Hamlet* when I followed so easily what was being said upon the stage. And then I never heard what I call the "Shakespeare voice." I mean that bright, meaningless alacrity of intonation in speaking verse which recalls speech-day at the end of term. I am a thick-skinned man: morally and aesthetically, I can put up with much without open complaint; but again and again, only self-consciousness has kept me from groaning aloud in theatres, when the "Shakespeare Voice" has assailed my ears, and economy alone from flinging objects about when it has reached me at home upon the air. From this performance it was blessedly absent; and the actors never emphasised the wrong words. In suitability of emotional expressiveness naturally they varied greatly. Horatio's delivery of his lines was very flat. At the other end of the scale, Mr. John Gielgud is one of the subtlest elocutionists who have ever delighted my ear. Within narrower range, the expression of character through intonation (chiefly comic), Mr. Miles Malleson is unexcelled; and the odd savoury vehemence of Mr. Cecil Trouncer's enunciation is perfectly adapted to certain parts. Next to a German with a most tremendous voice, he is the best "Player King" I have heard. But it is impossible to imagine him delivering, say, "what a piece of work is man." Lovely was Hamlet's rendering of that; and indeed of all the seven soliloquys. Only in "Alas, poor Yorick" did Mr. Gielgud fall short of himself. Why, I cannot guess. Perhaps first-night fatigue. I wished too, in the death scene he had relied less upon acting and more upon his voice and upon the lines themselves. He had before so often left poetry, spoken, to do it all. "To be or not to be," he delivered with a naturalness so expressive that, enraptured, I seemed to be hearing it for the first time. He never delivered "quotations."

In the second ghost-scene in which Hamlet's horror has to rise to distraction pitch I could have wished him to have hailed the spectre, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" etc., in solemn magniloquent awe untouched by fear—plenty of that to come. Miss Ashcroft's fine temperate vocal pathos contributed to one of the peaks of the production, the "Get thee to a nunnery" scene; and she spoke Ophelia's concluding lament, "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," with a fastidious truth that lacked only one thing to make it still more impressive; a longer pause before and after it.

I have reported first upon the vocal quality of the production because in poetic drama the voice is all-important. And it was in appeal to the ear that it excelled. Its pervasive defect was in a failure to delight the eye. With the exception of Ophelia's white dress and Hamlet's conventional black tights the costumes are heavy, gaudy trappings from an old-fashioned theatrical wardrobe; and the Elsinore setting is hardly more stimulating to the imagination than a dismal, mid-Victorian Gothic hydro. (Necessary economy, no doubt, but a pity.) Not that this defect matters much to me personally, who, when human nature is displayed, hardly notice other things. But I know it matters much to many. By the way, why not put Hamlet in Act II in hose so that his stocking can be "down-gyved to his ankle"? It would have, too, a happy psychological effect on Mr. Gielgud to look really slovenly. His danger lies in a too self-conscious elegance of movement. Here are a few notes upon the passages of acting which particularly impressed me.

First, then, the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia. At last we have got completely rid of the romantic reading that he is really in love with Ophelia, and his bitten harshness only an expression of thwarted adoration. At last, too, a clear distinction is made between the first time he bids her take the veil and the last. At first he speaks in tenderness—the world is so foul, mankind so vile. He is speaking in the key of "Nymph in thy orisons be all my sins remembered." But in the last, after he has guessed she is the docile instrument of her father, she becomes identified with his mother and all womankind. To suppose that he was ever more than lightly in love with Ophelia is a mistake which has haunted most *Hamlets*. Was he not so anxious to leave for Wittenburg that his mother could barely dissuade him from going? Nor was it love that made him jump upon her body in the grave to out-rant Laertes, but, as he tells him afterwards, his "sore distraction." And she? What Ophelia felt for him, Miss Ashcroft conveys in every word and movement. She feels the wisdom of her father's and her brother's warnings. She is humble and good, and like a Trollope heroine, will never love where it is not right to love. It is grievously disappointing she must not trust this charming incomprehensible prince. But when it comes to choosing between him and her father Ophelia never hesitates. Mercifully Miss Ashcroft in the mad scene did not imitate a lunatic as some Ophelias have done, but took her clue from "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, she turns to favour and to prettiness." The Queen, Miss Marian Spencer, rightly delivered the speech describing Ophelia's death as an undramatic aria. If I say she was not quite up to it, that implies no severe censure. Her "Gertrude" was individual and original. The Queen in this production was not a wicked woman, but a soft, faded man-charmer and a foolish, affectionate mother. Her finest performance was in the closet scene with Hamlet. Her failure to stand upon her dignity then—her distress, were moving; while there was, thank Heaven, no Freudian suggestiveness in Hamlet, who played with desperate straightforwardness. It was perhaps Mr. Gielgud's craziest moment. Hamlet is so varied and living a part, that perhaps no actor can interpret the whole of him. What Mr. Gielgud plays down is Hamlet's mask of madness. He excels in interpreting his impetuous but sane emotion—his greeting of Horatio must have made many hearts in the audience leap. He is better at conveying Hamlet's conscious weakness (in swallowing tears) than the rasp of his intellectual irony; though Hamlet's moments of reckless gaiety without joy are also within his compass. He should, I think, confine his surprising agility, his leaps and bounds, to the post-play moment. One tires of too much elegant rapidity, and he can keep still with a most interesting dignity. It was, indeed, a fine performance. Mr. Leslie Banks as Claudius was far from being a smiling villain; base he was, but never the wily, plausible King; and his delivery of his lines lacked variety. Polonius was perfect. It rests with him more than any other character to create the atmosphere of the court. He is a faithful and honourable minister, a good father. The "people," you remember, are furious at his mysterious death. His eavesdropping is not meant to stamp him as a scoundrel. How Shakespeare delighted in his absurdities, slyness, complacent loquacity!—inserting even an unnecessary scene with Rinaldo to show off his love of roundabout methods. And we delighted in his interpreter.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"It Depends What You Mean," at the Westminster

James Bridie's new comedy—or is it a satire?—is great fun. His picture of a Brains Trust formed by the local big-wigs to entertain the troops is sufficiently life-like to arouse nostalgia in any soldier. Here are Alastair Sim as the padre and question master, whose clerical conscience struggles valiantly with his sense of humour; the dour and deaf Scots doctor; the equally dour and cantankerous Labour M.P.; the charming and inconsequent countess whose life is devoted to her feathered and furry friends; and an artist, his wife and his old schoolmate, now a polysyllabic professor of philosophy—the emotional difficulties of these three providing the peg on which Mr. Bridie hangs his burlesque. The Brains Trust, after some footling attempts to discuss bluebottles, cows, civilisation and the other perennial and irrelevant problems which are raised on such occasions, is diverted to a domestic brawl between professor and artist about the artist's wife, thanks to a pertinacious young A.T.S. who wants to make up her mind about the attractions of marriage. She believes—wrongly, it turns out—that these "educated" people can help her decide on a partner. Whether Mr. Bridie intends a moral here is difficult to say. But he clearly prefers the hard Common Sense of a Common Woman to the verbose incoherency of the "intellectuals." That, however, is an issue which will not bother the audience much. For most of them will be too busy laughing at Angela Baddeley, Wilfrid White and Oliver Johnston to worry about it. There have been few more amusing plays than this during the war and still fewer comedy partnerships as good as that between Mr. Bridie and this excellent cast, or that between Alastair Sim and Margaret Barton, who plays the earnest young member of the A.T.S.

THE MOVIES

"This Happy Breed," at the Astoria

"Don't Take It to Heart," at the Leicester Square

"Love Story," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch

This is a good week for experiencing the English film at a number of levels. Should you wish to start at the bottom, I recommend *Love Story*. Taste it: a sleepy pear masked with thick warm sauce. There was a time, I suppose, when we turned out this kind of confection worse than we do to-day; when, for example, there would have been no photographic shine and no Margaret Lockwood or Tom Walls to hang on to as the nonsense grew wilder. To a Japanese, *Love Story* might well appear a revelation of English character and customs. We are so reserved, aren't we? But then the doctor has given us three months and no one must know; or, sentence passed, we are practising our Braille on the quiet. This explains our bad temper when we are busy keeping it from one another. No wonder lovers disentangle with an expression that says "Too much pickle again," and wisecracks are edgy, and the prospect pleases while only man is vile. For, of course, we have all gone to Cornwall to get away from it all. We bathe and we stand on headlands and it hurts. We are smart, too. We give open-air performances of Shakespeare. We listen to the seagulls and compose a Cornish rhapsody which (how many miles to Warsaw?) is drip and Tchaikovsky again. Such a misunderstood race (the goggling Jap might reflect), so much tragedy below the pudding; instruct me now about the jokes of your bus-conductors.

From *Love Story*, with its dark victories whimsically piled on, it is a big step up to *Don't Take It to Heart*. Mr. Jeffrey Dell, the author of *Nobody Ordered Wolves*, hasn't yet succeeded in making a film as funny as his description of how a film is made; but here, at any rate, is a promising start. The stateliest of English homes (Hollywood Gothic) is no longer being fought for; it has gone to rack and ruin, so that its owner (Ronald Squire) puts on a guide's cap and doesn't scorn the collecting-box. If he can dispose of some manuscripts as well the remaining servants may return to wage-earning. A messenger boy ringing the door bell, or a visitor demanding a bath, sets in motion mechanism of a terrifying antiquity. Events begin to take shape. The telephone is reinstated: what corridors the poor gasping butler (Edward Rigby) has to jog along between servants' hall, drawing-room, telephone and front door! The plot of *Don't Take It to Heart* involves a difficult neighbour (Alfred Drayton), inn-parlours, a ghost, law-courts, and a reversal of fortune in which the encumbered peer can retire to a cottage while his title passes to a more businesslike villager. Our last glimpse is of charabancs driving up, of teas on the terrace. Mr. Dell isn't yet an Evelyn Waugh or an Anthony Asquith, but his brightness—given a chance—should develop. The fun at the Leicester Square cinema (I remember seeing *Tawny Pipit* there not so long ago) makes a welcome advance among the pill-boxes of British humour.

I have paid a second visit—purposely delayed—to *This Happy Breed*. It has been seen during the last few weeks by thousands of people of the kind portrayed by Coward, and if solid merit counts for anything this is a film that will be showing off and on for years. I had waited to let my enthusiasm cool: could an English film really be as good as I had imagined this to be? Any doubts I might have h vanished as the camera slid down over the gardens i the empty house in Sycamore Avenue; through t bathroom, past the coat-hanger mark in the ha towards the circular stuck into the door, whic then opens to admit the new tenants. Not only *This Happy Breed* true to life, to emotions as well exteriors, but here is the camera magic woeful lacking from so many documentary-inspired storie The flavour of *This Happy Breed*, with its accumulati of clichés and small touches, is as subdued as t admirable technicolor; but neither Coward's dialog nor David Lean's direction admits a flat momen A lighted window at dusk or a cherry tree in the ga den catches instants of poetry, but chiefly memorabl I think, is the ease with which the characters mingl with the crowd. After the most moving sce (the news of the accident), the Gibbonses go into t Park, where other people like themselves, a lit wearily, are enjoying the sunshine. Miss Ce Johnson's performance is a miracle of unstresse vitality and charm that makes one wonder ho English audiences can ever have wept over a pasteboar Miniver. With *This Happy Breed* and *Millions Li Us* and *The Way Ahead*, British films after the w should have their chance of becoming what we shou all like them to be—English.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BATTLE OF PINNER

Italian prisoners of war billeted in houses i Pinner are to be removed, following strong public protests.—News item.

Hail, liberated Athens,
Relieved by patriot bands,
The symbol of resistance
In subjugated lands.
And hail, the friends of freedom,
Who still their homes defend,
And hail! victorious Pinner
And glorious Hatch End!

Against the homes of Pinner
The War Department came,
But Pinner rose in fury
And Hatch End burst in flame!
When Pinner struck for freedom
When Hatch End fought for right,
The War Office retreated
With all its armoured might.

In every home in Pinner
They fed the sacred fire,
The War Department tyrants
Like beaten curs retire;
Oppressors at their peril
Defy the people's will,
So hail! victorious Pinner
By Harrow on the Hill.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

YOUTH AND ILLITERACY

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Carritt's table, and put the identical questions to twenty fellow workers under thirty in a London factory. I found with one exception all questions correctly answered. Dickens, Shakespeare, Shaw and Kipling shared the honours of being the greatest English writers in that order. No one could answer, though, what happened in 1789. I substituted 1917, and the answers varied between "American entry into last war" and "Russian revolution," with about five "don't knows." Reasons given for historical ignorance were: "It doesn't help me to know things like that," and "We never got that far at school."

W. M. SULKA

45 Dukes Avenue,
New Malden, Surrey.

SIR,—My experiences in the army closely follow your correspondents on "Youth and Illiteracy." I remember one group of A.T.S. who had difficulty in pointing out Italy on a map, and had never heard of Somerset Maugham. Incredible as it may seem, *The Moon and Sixpence* was on at the local cinema.

The well-meaning efforts of the army educational authorities do not always inspire confidence. On a short "British Way and Purpose" course I attended, the whole theme was that there were two sorts of dictatorship, one bad, one good. When I objected, the lecturer silenced me with the damning "surely you could not recommend any progressive country to adopt the British parliamentary system?"

Our unit education W.O., a pleasant Welshman from the Rhondda Valley, wanted "somebody who would get things done." One of those "things" was to "deal with the Jews." EX-LIEUTENANT.

New Romney.

SIR,—The publican's wife on Mr. Carritt's list must be a very remarkable woman. To the question "Who was Shakespeare?" her answer is reported as "Don't know." On the other hand, she gave the "Greatest English Writer" as Shakespeare!

Is this one of the mysteries of the human mind, or just a leg-pull? In the second case, is publican's wife pulling Mr. Carritt's leg, or is he pulling yours?

26 Milton Crescent, H. W. SINGER
Cheadle, Cheshire.

ALBANIA

SIR,—The news that British troops are now in action alongside Albanian guerrillas in the area opposite Corfu, where they have already taken the port of Sarande, is a sharp reminder of the need to clarify our policy towards Albania. On September 25th the *News Chronicle* carried the account of a conference given by Mr. Cartalis, the Greek Minister of Information, to war correspondents in Rome, at which he demanded the "incorporation of Southern Albania, known to the Greeks as Northern Epirus, in Greece, on the grounds that the population is predominantly Greek and the territory belongs to Greece." In fact Southern Albania has never belonged to Greece; but this demand crowns a long campaign by the Greek Government for the annexation of the towns and districts of Korcha and Gjinokastra. In the *Greek White Book* (1942), for instance, Mr. Tsouderos asserts that these areas are "indisputably Greek"; and Greek governments have at various times sought to establish a claim to them by classifying all the adherents of the Orthodox Church (of whom there were some 125,000 in Southern Albania in 1930, as against 167,000 Moslems) as "Greeks."

Unfortunately for this argument, the Albanian character of the so-called Northern Epirus has been laid down by no less than four separate international adjudications, viz.: by the Ambassadors' Conference in 1913, the Protocol of Florence of 1913, the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference in Paris in 1921, and the final Protocol of the International Boundary Commission of the League of Nations in 1925 (on which Greece was represented). The Commission presented its report to the Council of the League on May 12th, 1922; it included the statement that "there can be no doubt that the great majority of the population is in favour of the present (i.e. Albanian) regime, and constitutes an important factor in the Albanian nationalist movement"; further, that "the existence of an independent Albania is a necessity to the peace of that part of Europe, and that an independent Albania is only possible if the Southern Provinces of Korcha and Gjinokastra are included."

These conclusions are as true to-day as when they were first penned. The post-war independence of Albania has been guaranteed by the three main Allied powers, but that guarantee will be worthless if it is to be an Albania shorn of its southern provinces and nearly one-third of its population. Quite recently the B.B.C. reported the liberation of Gjinokastra by Albanian partisans. Are they to keep this town or not? Simple justice requires a clear statement to both the Albanians (who though not yet allies in name are reported to be collaborating enthusiastically with our men) and the Greeks; that there are to be no unilateral territorial changes on a frontier which has been drawn as fairly and impartially as any in the Balkans; and that if any adjustments are to be made, it shall be only as a result of a properly conducted plebiscite held under international supervision on both sides of the frontier at *all* points where minorities exist.

F. W. WALBANK

The University, Liverpool.

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH GERMANY?

SIR,—In Friday's broadcast, *What Shall We Do With Germany*, the Chairman of the debate questioned the motive of the German minority which has endured concentration camps rather than submit to Nazi rule: Were these Germans there, he inquired in effect, because they resented Nazi interference in their own lives, or because they resented this on behalf of mankind—which presumably includes Germany's enemies.

This sets a very high standard for Germany.

As man's present state of development is officially expressed through bombs and bloodshed, by Christian as well as pagan nations, what nation to-day would have an appreciable minority willing to face torture and death, and the torture and death of its nearest and dearest, purely because its government decided to impose its will on its neighbours? It is because heroes are human that they are heroes. If they were not they would be gods and beyond the range of practical politics.

The moral significance of the stand in the concentration camp resides in any case, in that ultimate martyrdom—man against men. These imprisoned Germans are private enemies, stripped to the death, in the name of freedom, the freedom of the individual. We who can still draw our sanctions from the herd, even in our calamities should remember this. To confront the mass-myth as these men do, means courage of the supreme order and awe is perhaps our most fitting tribute. German concentration camps can include Niemoeller and his like. Let us remember such men clearly, or for very shame, cease to weigh the problem. This broadcast must have reached thousands of people. It may even reach some of those very prisoners indirectly, as the Nazis will know the value of such discouragement. MARCH COST

TRIAL BY JURY

SIR,—I served recently on my first jury. About two dozen men and women had been called to Petty Sessions at the county town, most of whom served in one, and some in two, cases during the two days we were there. But as almost every prisoner pleaded guilty, for most of the time we had nothing at all to do. Some of the jury lost two days' earnings as well as their expenses. I lost only my fares, about 13*s*.

On the second day seven of us at last had to try a defended case. A half-witted man of uncertain age was charged with aiding another man, not in custody, in a house-breaking. The only real evidence against him was a police statement which he had signed but later repudiated. He was quite incapable of conducting his defence, and certainly did not know that he was entitled to legal aid. The only attempt to elicit evidence in his favour came, in the form of a few questions, from the inexperienced and rather bewildered jury. The answers of the country policeman were as unsatisfactory as the prisoner's own. Prosecuting counsel addressed the jury. The prisoner had nothing more to say. The judge exhorted us to find him guilty unless "as men of the world" we felt "reasonable but not unreasonable doubt."

The jury retired and deliberated. It seemed clear that the prisoner had been associating with criminals, and that the court should try to protect him—as it would a child—from such associates. The general impression was that he must be an habitual petty criminal, although there was, of course, no evidence

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on this point, and this impression outweighed, in most of our minds, the fact that there had been no reliable evidence on the charge before us. One juryman was for giving him the benefit of the admitted doubt, or alternatively for returning to the courtroom and attempting to clear up the doubt by further questions to police and prisoner. But by now it was getting late; most of us had missed the trains we had intended to catch; almost all were afraid of the judge's displeasure and mistrusted their own judgment, and all knew that an adjournment would cause us a further loss of time and money. So at last, after over an hour's debate, the minority of one was overborne and a verdict of guilty returned, with a recommendation to mercy on account of the accused's evident feeble-mindedness.

Then came two surprises. The police reported that it was the prisoner's first offence! And he was bound over unconditionally, without any attempt to protect him from undesirable associates.

Many things became clearer to me during the night that followed, particularly one obscure point in the prisoner's evidence, which none of us had heeded at the time, but which now seems to me to have meant that the police sergeant "stood" his prisoner a drink or two before taking his statement. But I still do not know whether "guilty" was the truth or not. I *do* know that there was not sufficient evidence of guilt, and that the jury would almost certainly not have convicted if any of the following conditions had been fulfilled:

1. If the prisoner's case had been properly conducted by an experienced counsel, to whose aid he, as a "poor person," had a legal right;
2. If the prisoner's unblemished record had been known to the jury beforehand;
3. If an adjournment would have caused the jury no personal loss; in other words, if jurors received reasonable payment.

Other points may occur to your readers. These three seem to me to require thorough consideration and action.

JUROR

ARCHBISHOP OF WINNIPEG

SIR,—On July 10th, 1944, I wrote you a letter containing the following phrases. ". . . Categorically and *a priori* I deny that the Archbishop of Winnipeg has been guilty of the heresy and chicanery of which he is accused in your journal. . . . If, per impossible, he has been correctly quoted by the *Gospel Witness* I undertake to write a humble withdrawal and send you a year's subscription for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to be presented to our troops now fighting for the four freedoms."

The impossible has happened. The Archbishop was correctly quoted. Your readers may wonder why I dared to make an *a priori* denial. My reason was that a guarantee of salvation for forty dollars would be recognised as false doctrine by any well instructed Catholic child of average intelligence. Because of the notoriously anti-Catholic bias of the *Gospel Witness* I quite naturally (and wrongly) presumed that the Archbishop's words had been distorted. Unfortunately no official statement has been issued by the ecclesiastical authorities in Canada. From private sources, however, I learn that Dr. Sinnott has been in failing health for some time and a coadjutor bishop has been installed to assist and later to succeed him. The Catholics of Winnipeg, as the Archbishop himself complained, "maintained a stolid indifference" in face of the Archbishop's strange offer.

In sending the promised subscription for the troops I thank you for your fairness and courtesy in allowing me space to defend the Catholic side. You will appreciate that I am unable to make further comment on the Archbishop's letter but the immediate and angry reaction of your Catholic correspondents to your publication of the offending letter is proof that to the Catholic mind it was so shocking as to be incredible.

JOHN C. HEENAN

East Ham.

IRONY *v.* ERROR

SIR,—For many years I have jeered at the bores, blimps and morons you have laid by the heels in the "This England" pillory. I was disconcerted to find myself in the stocks a fortnight ago. I did not like my company.

It does seem to me that, even torn, raw and bleeding from its context, my little gobbet of editorial comment had a flavour of irony to which you, if not your correspondent with the scissors, should have been sensitive. But if you will judge it in relation with the preceding and following sentences you will see that the opinion expressed was in favour of fuller economic self-determination by primary producing countries and not hostile to it.

A. E. BLAKE
Manufacturing Chemist. Editor.

FORCES VOTE IN INDIA

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Watson, whose letter appeared in your issue of 14th October, 1944, cannot be aware that the anomaly of which she complains was the subject of a statement issued by the India Office on 4th October, 1944. It was quoted in most of the leading newspapers.

The statement pointed out that it was the Parliamentary Elections and Meetings Act of 1943 which, in effect, rendered Indian Army officers ineligible to vote in Parliamentary elections. The statement continued:

> The effect of this Act had already been observed, and on representations being made some two months ago by the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Secretary of State for India informed him that the Home Office and the War Office were urgently considering amending the Act so as to enable British emergency commissioned officers of the Indian Army normally resident in the United Kingdom to be placed on the register of electors.

LT.-COL. W. G. HINGSTON

India Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

"THE SHRINE"

SIR,—Perhaps you or your readers will be able to enlighten me about the journalistic etiquette in regard to pen-names. The attempt to identify the author of *The Shrine*, to which you have alluded, was first made in the highly respectable columns of the *Irish Times*, but without any authority either from my publishers or myself. The *Irish Times* identification has been copied in a number of English papers. It isn't the Irish ban which worries me—after all, I was trying to deal with a situation common enough in fiction, but to deal with it in the rather more interesting conditions of a Christian setting where loopholes in the way of divorce and contraception are not available, but a writer may have sufficient reasons for wishing to work in different fields under different names. Is this to be made impossible?

May I also add, lest there be any misunderstanding, that any difficulty in getting the novel is not due to efforts on my part to withdraw it, but to the paper shortage which makes it impossible for my publishers to maintain it in circulation at present.

Oddly enough, the Irish State censorship has fallen very heavily on novels written by English Catholics.

MICHAEL NUGENT

A PARABLE

SIR,—Advertising John Prebble's *Where the Sea Breaks* in your columns, Messrs. Secker & Warburg attribute to me the inept pronouncement: "Its beauty is that it succeeds in being an absorbingly dramatic story and a remarkable short novel." As my reputation for mere literacy is involved, may I ask you to let me correct this monstrous misquotation? I wrote: "The beauty of the book, for me, is that it succeeds in being at once an absorbingly dramatic story and a significant parable."

GERALD BULLETT

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

“Is it really as lovely as they say?” It is almost n impossible question to answer. To begin with, s lovely as who says? Captain Cook, Bougainville, Melville, Pierre Loti, Gauguin, Somerset Maugham or Hollywood? Perhaps it is best to go to the South Seas, as the writer went, knowing nothing of the islands, having formed no preconceptions. Should the magic work, the voyager will stay on for a matter of months, for a matter of years; should it fail, he will take the next boat. The charm of Tahiti that glimmers even through the prosaic accounts of the early explorers and later radiates from the pages of Loti and the canvases of Gauguin is not immediately apparent. But now separated since four years by 6,000 miles of ocean from my island home, a page from *Omoo* or *Rarahu*, a postcard reproduction of a Gauguin, or the sight of a French soldier with “Bataillon du Pacifique” inscribed upon his sleeve, sets the old magic working once again.

French Oceania may no longer be the “New Cytherea.” Times have changed since Captain Louis Marie Julien Viaud under the name of Pierre Loti delighted the world with his romance of the South Seas. For those who have never been to Tahiti *Le Mariage de Loti* (or *Rarahu*, as the author wished it to be called) will always remain what Edmund Gosse called it, “a delicious fantasia.” For those who have known the real life of the islands, filled with happy evocations, it is a fairy tale come true. Loti was a much more gifted writer than his present reputation allows; and this ranks among his best books with *Mon frère Yves* and *Ramuntcho* and *Au Maroc.*

In 1872, when Loti arrived in Tahiti and went to pay his respects to Queen Pomare IV, the Polynesians were dying of boredom. Civilisation as brought to them first by the early explorers and later by the traders and missionaries had proved deadly. It had killed their zest for life. Gone were the healthy days of tribal wars and the bloody orgies attending their religious rites. Gone, too, their talent for living. The valleys and mountain plateaux that in the days of Cook had been thickly populated were now deserted. The bush that had been cut back to clear space for settlements had surged forward once again. The carefully laid stones of the terraces had been dislodged by the trampling hooves of wild cattle. The wooden houses had crumbled to dust. The shrines of the gods were abandoned, and the gods themselves, the grinning *tikis*, lay sinking in the rising tide of rotting vegetation. The remnants of the great race that centuries before had set out from Malaya, and performing some of the most hazardous and amazing feats of navigation had sailed across the Pacific to form colonies as far north as the Hawaiian Islands and as far south as New Zealand, now clustered to die along the narrow fringe of shore that separates the foot of the wild mountains from the still waters of the lagoon.

In 1767 the English navigator Wallis, in command of H.M.S. *Dolphin*, had taken possession of Tahiti in the name of King George, bringing with him the first seeds of decay. Other explorers followed. In 1797 Protestant missionaries from the London Missionary Society arrived in Papeete on board H.M.S. *Duff*. During the first half of the nineteenth century English missionaries and traders working together acquired a considerable hold, both spiritual and financial, on the inhabitants of the islands; and in 1838 came the French Catholic missionaries by way of Chile and Mangareva. For several years the islands were torn between warring faiths, until in 1844, in agreement with the British Government, Tahiti was taken under French protection. Queen Pomare IV was the last reigning sovereign, for in 1880 her successor Pomare V “spontaneously” presented to France the territories over which his dynasty had reigned.

It was in the coulisses of this South Sea island court, in an extraordinary atmosphere of tropical *fin-de-siècle*, that Loti's love affair with Rarahu took place; Firbank would have revelled in the atmosphere; what he created in fiction, existed there in fact. The palace was built on colonial lines: a one-storied wooden building surrounded by a broad verandah set in a spacious garden. Breadfruit trees and mango trees cast their shade across the lawn. Clumps of dark-leaved gardenia bushes exhaled their heavy white perfume. Through the lacy foliage of the flamboyant trees, dripping with flame-coloured blossom, could be seen the blues and greens of the lagoon stretching away to where the reef drew a white horizon of surf separating sea and sky. Palm-thatched blinds protected the building from the heat and glare of the tropics, allowing only a cool subaqueous light to filter through the interior of the palace. The house was built on a modest scale. The furnishing of the rooms was sparse and formal. Tahitians prefer to sit cross-legged upon the floor and chairs were few. A few pieces of massive Victorian furniture loomed out of the darkness. One or two oleographs depicting European scenes hung on the walls: and there was an indifferent portrait in oils of the Queen painted by a visiting artist.

The members of the Court were for the most part larger than life. The accounts of the early explorers all emphasise the amazing stature of the Polynesians and Queen Pomare and her Court appear to have been no exceptions. The Queen herself was enormous and, in the hope of presenting the Tahitians with a worthy royal line, she had taken as consort the biggest and finest looking man she could find in the islands. When Loti saw him, he was already old; he had preserved something of his statuesque presence, although he is described as “peu présentable” since he refused to wear European clothes, finding the Tahitian *pareu* adequate to his needs.

> From this marriage had sprung giants, but they all died from the same incurable disease, like those great tropical plants which leap up in one season, only to die in the autumn. Tuberculosis seized them, and with inexpressible grief the Queen watched them, one after the other, disappear.

Only the Queen's eldest son, Prince Tamatoa, had succeeded in producing an offspring, and when Loti met the Queen for the first time, the little girl, who was only six years old, lay in her grandmother's arms already showing the symptoms of the fatal malady.

Overshadowed by tragedy but strange, gay and feckless, was life at the Court of this island. From time to time there were State functions such as the ceremonial opening service of a newly built church, but for the most part the days and nights flowed lazily by interpersed with picnics on a grand scale, entertainments and games of cards.

The Queen herself was very fond of a game of cards.

> One of Pomare's favourite pastimes was the game of *écarté*, at which she cheated in the most remarkable fashion. She even cheated at official receptions when playing for money against the admirals or the governor, and the few louis she may have won in this manner were of no importance compared to the pleasure she experienced in making her opponents *capot*.

One of the most delightful passages in *Le mariage de Loti* describes the party given by the Queen to celebrate the arrival of a piano, an innovation at the Court of Tahiti. It was a gala. The Queen sat on the golden throne, upholstered in scarlet brocade, holding in her arms her dying grandchild.

> The old lady filled the entire breadth of her chair with the gaudy bulk of her person. She wore a tunic of crimson velvet: the lower extremity of a naked leg was imprisoned for better or for worse in a satin boot.

Beside her sat the admiral, the governor and the various consuls. The ladies of the Court, the visiting princesses and the chieftainesses sat on benches at one side of the salon. There was Ariinore in cherry coloured satin with a wreath of wild bean flowers in her head. Beside her sat Paüra, her inseparable companion.

> Charming example of the savage: of a strange beauty or a strange ugliness—the type that would eat raw fish and human flesh—a singular girl who lived amid the forests in a remote part of the island—who possessed the education of an English miss and who waltzed as only a Spanish girl can waltz.

And Princess Ariitea crowned with a wreath of Bengal roses, talking to the Queen of Bora-Bora, whose teeth were filed down to a point and who wore a dress of velvet. Tamatoa, the Queen's son, is not mentioned as having been present. He was a dangerous character and was usually kept locked up; for, although he knew how to behave himself when in a normal state of mind, he drank and then he saw red and craved blood. He was of a prodigious size and of a herculean strength: once roused it took several men to hold him down. He ended by running amok, killing a woman and two children in the garden of the Protestant missionary and committing on the same day a series of bloody horrors which, according to Loti, “ne pourraient s'écrire, même en latin . . .” Perhaps he, too, was lurking in the shadows of the garden waiting for the musical evening to begin.

Loti, seated at the piano, was to accompany a fellow officer who later retired from the Navy to become a famous tenor in America. The score of *L'Africaine* lay open, against the music rest. Randle, the tenor, after glancing round this bizarre audience of Tahitians dressed in velvet, silks and satins with garlands of flowers upon their heads, began Vasco's aria.

> Pays merveilleux
> Jardins fortunés.
> Oh Paradis . . . sorti de l'onde.

The strains of Meyerbeer's music stirred memories in the hearts of the admiral, the governor and the consuls; memories of their homes the other side of the world. But for the ladies of the court, for the crowd of Tahitians squatting in the shadows of the garden, this foreign music had little appeal.

When the aria was finished, there could be heard above the hum of polite conversation the beat of the drums that accompany the upa-upa. Outside in the darkness the Tahitians were dancing. Slowly the Government officials and the ladies of the Court began to drift out into the night. The rhythm of the ancient Polynesian dance was irresistible. Loti, hand in hand with Rarahu, was lost amid the crowd. The piano stood open and deserted. The Queen wandered alone through the empty rooms.

> In her old lined face, dark, square and hard, there was still the mark of sadness—the sadness of seeing her realm invaded by civilisation going to pieces, and her country degenerating into a haunt of prostitution.

With the death of Pomare IV, in 1877, two years after that of her granddaughter, Tahitian life—as Pierre Loti has described it—drew to a close. The great figures of the past declined, as their prestige and their riches dwindled. The entertainments which in the Queen's time had been marked by a certain element of decorum now degenerated into drunken parties

Traces of that delightful *opéra-bouffe* period, however, still exist. The Queen's house, with the furnishings more or less as they were in Loti's time (but the piano sadly in need of tuning), maintains a vague atmosphere of departed glory. One or two descendants of the royal line are recognisable by their magnificent stature and their proud bearing. But one must have read *Rarahu* to appreciate properly the sight of the three remaining princesses of the blood royal whiling away the long hours of the South Sea Island afternoon over a jug of punch and a game of rummy.

The enchantment is still there, but to discover it needs patience and perseverence. What Ensign Viaud wrote in 1872 still holds good.

> . . . No, those who have lived there amongst the semi-civilised girls of Papeeta—who have learnt from them the easy bastard French of the beachcombers and the habits of the colonial town—who only see Tahiti as an island made for the pleasures of the flesh and the satisfaction of material appetites—they know nothing of the charm of this land . . .

A. W. BAIRD

CRITICISM OF SCIENCE

Meaning and Purpose. Pretensions of KENNETH WALKER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Walker describes the purpose of his latest book as the tracing of "the effect of scientific theories on the thought of the last hundred years" and "the attempt to discover some of the reasons for the prevalence of unbelief." In carrying out this purpose, Mr. Walker seeks to establish a number of positions relative to the nature of science and the status of scientific results—leading to an exposure of popular misconceptions in regard to the former and superstitious reverence for the latter. I will try, briefly, to summarise these positions.

First, the knowledge that science gives and the truth that it makes accessible are not the only kinds of knowledge or truth available.

Secondly, most non-scientific persons, especially if young, think that they are. As a result they tend to assume that the material is the only kind of reality; that matter is what you can see and touch and, therefore, that only that which is of the same nature as the things you can see and touch is real. It follows that the mind is a by-product of the functioning of the brain, art elevated moonshine and religion divinely elevated moonshine. Since matter has no purpose, the universe, it is further assumed, is purposeless.

Mr. Walker is, I think, right in supposing that these *are* the intellectual predispositions of the contemporary young. If you ask a science student with what material part of himself he is aware that all the parts of himself are material, you produce an attitude of mixed perplexity and anger at what is taken to be a foolish question. As to purpose, I do not know that the position has been better put than by Professor Whitehead. As Mr. Walker frequently refers to Whitehead, I venture to make him a present of the following quotation: "Scientists animated by the purpose of proving that they are purposeless constitute an interesting subject for study." Mr. Walker insists that there are other methods for the revelation of fact in addition to that of science, notably art, religion, particularly mystical insight, moral experience and "a faculty of direct perception which, when developed, may lead to the apprehension of truth." He considers that feeling may also have cognitive value and is, therefore, a kind of knowledge. While admitting that art, morals and religion also present us only with specialised aspects of truth, he insists that their results are less specialised because less abstract than those reached by science. Recognising that some degree of specialisation is necessary, Mr. Walker very properly protests against the undue specialisation of contemporary thought. The factors to which attention has been drawn are largely responsible for current unbelief. This is regrettable, since men need a philosophy and a faith. Mr. Walker has both. Everything in the external world suggests, he thinks, that it forms part of one great design, a design which extends beyond our planet, since the phenomena of life upon the earth presuppose in their causal ancestry the rotation of day and night and the changing seasons. Mr. Walker writes on occasion not only as if we were the centre of the universe, but as if the rest of the universe was only there for the purpose of putting us in its centre. He has, further, a strong leaning towards some form of Immanentism; we are all, he thinks, "sharers in a universal mind."

This bald summary does no sort of justice to the interest of this book. Mr. Walker contrives to touch upon a great variety of subjects, ranging from Bergson and Freud to Communism and Taoism, from a criticism of Darwin to the pessimism of Hardy, and from the work of Cuspensky to the worship of race. He has read widely, he writes well and his incidental asides are full of wisdom. "Custom is our enemy and makes dullards of us all, changing the eager questioning of the child into the heavy indifference of the adult, who has only to witness a miracle a dozen times to cease to marvel at it."

I hope that my inability to resist the temptation to suggest certain criticisms will not be interpreted as a lack of appreciation of the merits of the book or of sympathy with its conclusions. These are not new; they are, indeed, well-known milestones in the general movement away from the scientific materialism of the nineteenth century. The exposure of the limitations of scientific method is by now familiar; Mr. Walker, however, seems not always to be aware of the full implications of the criticisms he makes, or to have satisfactorily determined the status of the results which scientists do, in fact, reach.

For example, he quotes with approval Planck's dictum that science is "a constructed work of art expressing a certain side of man's nature." But if this is all that science is, it gives us no information about reality. It tells us only about the nature of the scientist; the only science, then, is psychology. It follows that the statement that the only science is psychology is, itself, a psychological statement, giving us information only about the mind of the person who makes it. It does not, therefore, tell us anything about science.

In any event, however, it may be asked whether Mr. Walker can fully accept the implications of Planck's view. The statement that H_2O is the chemical formula for water must surely be true in some sense in which to say that it is the chemical formula for treacle is untrue. And this truth must, one would have thought, given us some information about reality and not merely about our own minds. What is the status of that information? The fashionable answer is Eddington's. Science tells us not about the reality of things but about the relations between phenomena! It tells us, in other words, how things behave but not what they are. More precisely, it tells us about the relations between the measurable aspects of phenomena—most people will be familiar with Eddington's famous example of an elephant sliding down a grassy hillside. Mr. Walker ought, I think, to accept this view, but I am not quite clear whether he does. Has he again, one wonders, reflected upon the full implications of the statement that art gives us knowledge. Knowledge is expressed in the form of propositions. It tells us that so-and-so is the case. What propositions, one wonders, are expressed by a Mozart Quartet? Can it really be said to give us knowledge in the same sense as the knowledge yielded by a time-table or by a multiplication table? Can the reaction it produces truly be said to be knowledge at all without misuse of the word? Mr. Walker, again, tells us that the scientific world is not quite real. Can there, then, one wonders, be degrees of reality? Can he really mean that something can both exist and yet *not* be real? He speaks of absolute truth. But what, one may ask, is the difference between being true and being absolutely true? These questions are designed to throw into relief the fact that Mr. Walker would benefit from a study of theory of knowledge. In particular, I would recommend him to Professor Stebbing's *Philosophy and the Physicists,* in which the kind of questions I have asked are developed into a general criticism of the looseness of the method that Mr. Walker sometimes adopts. May I also suggest the work of G. E. Moore?

C. E. M. JOAD.

A CHILD OF YESTERDAY

The House in the Park. By F. D. OMMANNEY. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

The park is Richmond Park and the house was that of Mr. Ommanney's grandfather, Richard Owen, a Victorian naturalist—warm-hearted, eccentric, a martinet in the manner of the day. In this milieu begins and ends the story of the author's boyhood, which is also the story of a great transition in English history.

Those who were born into an upper or upper-middle class family at the beginning of this century have nowadays to be continually on their guard against self-pity. True, they were for the most part too young to have been killed in the first German war, and too old to be killed in the second; but they were given an educational background which fitted them for a way of life that was fast disappearing by the time they reached adulthood; they were taught the virtues—and they acquired the vices—of a gentleman; their self-reliance presupposed the background of at least a competency; they did not worry over class-distinctions because they took these for granted; and their toughness (readers of Mr. Ommanney's earlier books will hardly write him down a muff) was not of the *sauve-qui-peut* brand. In our new version of the 19th century, which has all the barbarism of the original and little indeed of its faith in beauty and virtue; when all the barriers are down; when even poetry is made the object of a racket; and when to possess good manners and a background is a positive drawback: the generation of 1901 must be excused their moments of gentle sadness.

This autobiographical sketch is the record of such a moment, and if it lacks that final quality which would have turned a charming book into a work of art, the reason must be sought in the present complete lack of tranquillity in which past emotion may be recollected. Either our feelings are too continuously and violently aroused or they have already been stunned into abeyance: in either case the outlook for the creative writer is a poor one. Mr. Ommanney has to some extent evaded the issue by a deliberate lightness of tone; even the tragedies of childhood and adolescence he describes with amusement, though he does not commit the exasperating error of regarding them as of no account. The natural individualist, brought up in a fairly strict, late Victorian family, did not have a very easy time. He was more open to misunderstanding than he would be nowadays, and the consequences of an obstinately pursued intransigence could be serious.

Especially at school. Mr. Ommanney is very good on this subject. Where most Englishmen are either sentimental or full of vicious resentment, he reviews a difficult school time calmly and without rancour. As an uncompromising *frondeur,* whose interior life was spent in day dreaming, he was, of course, both lonely and fastidious—a combination of qualities he would seem to have retained into manhood; and his account of his first attempts at friendship are as touching as they are vivid.

Mr. Ommanney writes so well that the excellence of his style may pass unnoticed by anyone who expects a book of this kind to be sprinkled with purple patches. Instead, he will find a continuously lucid and spirited prose, of which the following paragraph is a good example:

> She was sitting in an armchair before her bedroom window which looked out over the Park. One side of the window was filled with the dark August green of the chestnut tree that stood in the front garden. Its big palmate leaves fingered the sunlight. In the other half of the window lay the glittering strip of the pond, the open stretches of the park, and the soft blue of distant trees, the familiar and well-beloved prospect that was part of her life and of mine. The tiny figures of people moved against the green background, and the morning was full of the sound of children's voices and of dogs barking shrilly. The sounds seemed to come from a long way off, and all those figures weaving like insects out there in the sunlight seemed remote and detached as though they belonged to another world. Her long silver hair that I had always loved and admired so much was done in a thick plait that fell over her shoulders and reached down to her waist. Her eyes were still brown and keen and sharp as needles as she turned towards me where I stood awkwardly before her chair, a little sullen and half-rebellious and yet ashamed. Her face was waxen and the hand she placed on my arm seemed light as paper.

Mr. Ommanney has a lively sensibility, a reasonable mind and the courage of convictions which are implicit in this account of his childhood and early youth. The company he offers in this book will delight most readers over thirty-five. But admirers of *South Latitude* and *North Sea* will, I think, regret that the author has not made rather more of this book. The treatment is too slight for the material, so that the characters and their environment just fail to make an enduring impression. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST.

A NAZI CASE HISTORY

The Rise and Fall of the House of Ullstein. By HERMAN ULLSTEIN. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

The great publishing firm, whose destruction by the Nazis is here movingly recorded by one of the partners, has a high place in the national history of Germany in the nineteenth century. It published great newspapers, popular journals, and libraries such as firms like Dent and Oxford have made a household word wherever the English language is spoken. For three generations they ministered with distinction to the life of the intelligence. But the owners of the firm were Jewish by race and democratic in spirit. These were sufficient grounds to mark them down as victims—when Hitler took over, the firm passed into the hands of the Nazis. One by one the members of the family were driven abroad, always after the payment of heavy financial penalties for permission to emigrate. At last, at the end of 1938, the author of this volume—who died last month in the United States—was permitted to leave Germany after the forced sale of his remaining possessions which left him and his wife with few marks in the world. The great publishing apparatus they had constructed became a part of Dr. Goebbels's propaganda machine, and the trained editorial staffs which had made the House of Ullstein so notable an achievement gave way to appropriate hacks who were ready to carry out the purposes of Nazism.

It is not, of course, an unfamiliar story. There is no realm of German life in which the fate of the Ullsteins was not the fate also of all intellectuals, organisers, business men to whom the accident of race seemed unimportant or who had still some sense of affection for justice and regard for freedom. What makes the narrative of exceptional interest is the simplicity, in the first place, with which the tale is told, and the completeness, in the second, of the record of Nazi perfidy and meanness. It is above all important because it is the record of a firm whose speciality it was to deal with public men—one had no conception of the depth or imminence of the dangers to which they were exposed until it was too late. Almost until the emergence of Von Papen as the spider, spinning his evil webs, they were convinced that it was impossible for Hitlerism to capture the German nation. The shadow had stalked for years by their side without being able to recognise that the shadow must be cast by some reality it reflected. Like all Europeans who had grown up in the aftermath of 1848, they had no grasp of the fact that intolerance, hatred and all the other barbarism begotten by Hitlerism's rise, were not killed by the defeat of 1918 but rather rejuvenated. And they did not know that the foundations of the Weimar Republic were already rotten when Preuss was drafting the Constitution. There broods over these pages the angry spirit of fanatic Evil, the more horrible to contemplate because so few either in or out of Germany knew either its fanaticism or its badness. There is the relentlessness of a Greek tragedy over it all, in which the doom of the gods is imposed upon them with what is almost their own co-operation.

What next is to follow one hardly dares to speculate. It is vital only to insist that no folly could be so great as that which fails to realise the depth of the German pathological condition we shall confront after this war. And no danger will be more attractive than the anxiety, as in the Weimar days, to look at the lights of the false dawn and mistake them for the sunshine of a new day. There will be no enlightenment in post-war Germany until the Upas-tree of Nazism is utterly uprooted. We must beware of the men and women who, before the rape of Czecho-Slovakia, were so ready and even ardent to salute in Hitler the embodiment of a great age of spiritual creativeness.

HAROLD J. LASKI

LOWER DECK

Home from Sea. By GODFREY WINN. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

You see them at the railway stations, a batch of young men who look as though they have chosen their clothes more carefully than the rest of us do, who have scrubbed their faces, brushed their hair and their boots, and are looking about them excitedly, nervously and with too many smiles, expecting something extraordinary to happen to them at any moment. They pick up their suitcases. They look agitatedly at one another, and then they put their suitcases down again. While the other passengers anonymously disperse, these bunch together with a helpless, scared amiability. Their faces stand out a mile, flagrantly ill-assorted. They are the new recruits, one more party wearing civilian shoes for the last time and—if they are for the Navy—due to hear some voice made of metal bore into their sleep next morning with the strange words, "Wakey, wakey, rise and shine. . . ."

Mr. Godfrey Winn was once one of these peculiar people. At 36 he decided to stop being a war correspondent, to stop going on things like the Arctic convoy, and to join the lower deck; and this book describes his experiences on the well-trodden deck of *Ganges*, his life in limbo at Chatham and Portsmouth as a transit rating, and then on patrol off Iceland where he was doing his sea training as a C.W. candidate. Before he could become an officer he was taken ill and invalided out of the Service. This kind of experience has been described several times by educated men like Mr. Winn—I don't think Mr. Mallalieu's *Ordinary Seaman* has been surpassed—but Mr. Winn brings the special difficulties of the star journalist to the job. One may smile at the flat in Ebury Street, the letters from Noel Coward, the memories of Valerie Taylor, and the introspections of a successful career; but these were realities. Realities which Mr. Winn had to live down as he tumbled out in the east wind on a winter morning, or when he slung his hammock in the famous tunnel at Chatham, when he scrubbed the deck of his hut in *Ganges*, or did his watch in the north. The men might ask for "Goff's" autograph, but "Goff" had to shudder under the P.O.'s flash lamp on the vermin parade with the rest. As one would expect, this book is not so much a factual document as a record of personal sensations, memories, digressions. One moment Mr. Winn is back in his cottage; the next he is scrubbing a stoker's back and hearing cautionary tales about the chances of desertion; one moment he is carried away by the prayers and the White Ensign, and awed by the pattern of naval tradition, the next he is tying his boots near his pillow in case they are stolen. When trouble starts in the canteen he looks for a strong man to shelter behind; with a few hours free at Chatham he is frantic for a bath. It's the story of a man not made for this rough and tumble, but determined somehow to get through it, keep his end up and to have a lot of friends; and I am not sure that the educated man, the affluent sensitive and protected, has not had twice as much to deal with, when he goes through the Service mill, as the

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simpler kind of man. Mr. Winn's wartime career—he had been on the Russian convoy—was a trump card, but he did not play it flamboyantly. And the impression one has is of a modest man with guts, taking a deep breath—as Marie Tempest taught him to do—when in a fix and hoping to pass unnoticed in the queues, the parades and the male sweat of naval life. It is a very agreeable impression.

Of course, because Mr. Winn is a star of popular journalism, he has to be personal to a degree. He has to wander to and fro in past and present and to spice the prosaic story of naval training with the hotter memories of earlier voyages as a newspaper correspondent. This book is an atrocious piece of book production even for wartime, and this adds considerably to the reader's annoyance as he struggles with Mr. Winn's counterpoint of present harshness and past luxury. Couldn't he, in his evocations of what he had surrendered, have told his story a little more directly? And yet real people are here. The rating who swallowed all his "nutty," Charlie who somehow got Mr. Winn a corner in the Chatham tunnel, the man who didn't answer a civil question in the canteen—they are all real mass-men detached from the blur of routine. The hero worship is real, too. By what he has read, by what he has heard or seen of the lower deck, the reader can check the authenticity of Mr. Winn's picture. It is a picture of mass-domesticity, of sleeping, eating, scrubbing, of aching muscles, deadened mind and awakened common feeling; and this, we judge, is the main impression that men will carry in their minds for the rest of their lives, when the tin fish and the rafts have become rare nightmares. As a journalist Mr. Winn has excelled at recording the general haze of sentiment, the mass feeling, the kind of thing not that one man thinks or feels, but that is thought or felt by ten men. The record is genuine and moving, for the war has made us understand there is such a thing as the common experience. When we drain off the journalistic garrulity of these pages we are left with a sound residue of observation. And when we part from Mr. Winn in his hospital bed we realise that if we have seen overmuch of Mr. Winn's peculiar personal struggle, we have also had an intimate and various picture of the ordinary seaman groping through his crude troublesome day. The very haziness of it all is something like the liberty man's own anxious picture of his inexorable life as he gulps down his last pint and makes a rush for the quayside.

V. S. PRITCHETT

JAPAN'S FIFTH ARM

Japan's Political Warfare. By PETER DE MENDELSSOHN. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

War is the propagandist's paradise. No expenditure is too lavish and no lie too fantastic. The long-term results may be disastrous but with victory the only criterion, short sight becomes a virtue. Japan, as Mr. de Mendelssohn shows in his careful and informative account of Tokio's political warfare, provides a supreme example of this subordination of all real values to military expediency. "The armed forces," he says, "not only represent and speak for the Government, they are the Government."

Mr. de Mendelssohn's account of the machinery of Japanese propaganda will be novel to most English readers. From a central control room in Tokio and four satellite bureaux—the divisions are Manchuria, China, Southern regions and "general"—Japan daily projects her chosen picture of herself to half the world. Parallel with this radio network, the Japanese have developed a "co-prosperity press," apportioned to each of the Army High Commands; Malaya, Singapore Island, Sumatra and North Borneo are controlled by *Demei*, while Java is run by *Asaki*, Burma by *Yomiuri-Hochi* and the Philippines jointly by *Nichi-Nichi* and *Osaka Mainichi*. Regional distribution centres of *Demei* supply the entire press of occupied areas and there is close co-operation with the two German agencies D.N.B. and Transocean.

"Culture" is of course also geared to the war machine, and Mr. de Mendelssohn analyses the technique by which the vast populations of Nanking-China, South-East Asia and the Pacific Islands that lie off it are subjected to Japanese propaganda in the guise of literature, films, pictures, concert music, religion and language teaching. He realises that this propaganda, often couched in terms which sound to Western minds merely fantastic, may have important results, particularly among illiterate people, and he rightly urges the importance "of studying the effects and after-effects of this interrupted attempt at mass re-education of many millions of people." Yes, it will be interrupted when Japan is defeated. But to defeat the Japanese war-machine will not end the impetus behind the co-prosperity propaganda, and my criticism of Mr. de Mendelssohn's book is that it does not candidly admit the considerable degree of success that Japan's Fifth Arm actually achieves by its specialised appeals to Indians, to the Philippines, to Thailand and perhaps most of all to Burma. If the fantastic mythology of the Sun-born Japanese were presented to peoples who were moderately satisfied with the rule of their white over-lords, it would have no effect or after-effect. But it is only too clear that in Burma, for instance, the absence of any rival appeal offering genuine equality to Burmans has left the coast clear for Japan. The Burmese government to-day is no mere collection of Japanese quislings, but a reasonably representative gathering of responsible Burmese who do not like the Oriental domination of Japan—indeed most of them probably want only independence—but who at least think it less humiliating than control by their Western conquerors. In urging ways of countering Japanese propaganda, therefore, the first necessity is to reconsider British policy in the Far East. Successful counter-propaganda is impossible unless it is based on a change in the White Man's attitude to the Asiatic. Unless that change is made there will be other Oriental leaders to advocate Asiatic unity against the West, even after the defeat of Japan and the destruction of co-prosperity wireless stations.

BENJAMIN BROWN

NEW PAMPHLETS

SCIENCE AND ADMINISTRATION IN MODERN GOVERNMENT. By HERBERT MORRISON. *Oxford.* 2s.
The Hobhouse Memorial Lecture for 1944.

THE NEW EDUCATION ACT. By HAROLD SHEARMAN. *W.E.A.* 6d.
An extremely useful guide to the provisions of the new Act set against the educational problems which it attempts to tackle.

SOCIAL SECURITY GUIDE. *Social Security League.* 6d.
A convenient handbook setting out a comparison of the Governments and Beveridge proposals. Just what everyone needs to know.

Week-end Competition

No. 768

Set by W. R.

News of the freeing of Athens has gladdened the Elysian Fields. The usual prizes are offered for a poem, or part of a poem, not more than 20 lines, celebrating the event, in the style of Milton, Marvell, Shelley or Tennyson. Entries by October 30.

What is a 'Plastic' DENTURE?

Most modern dentures are made of one of the new 'plastics' such as 'acrylic.' They are light in weight and very strong, but care must be taken in the choice of a cleansing and polishing agent. Tests prove that KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER* is as *harmless* to the new 'plastic' type as it is to vulcanite or metal bases—yet it effectively removes stains and food debris.

From all chemists—1/3.

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Also, where gum-shrinkage has affected the normal suction grip, KOLYNOS DENTURE *FIXATIVE* *makes false teeth fit firmly*—1/3 & 3/3

WHITE HORSE
was never better than it is to-day

It would be easier to buy White Horse Whisky as and when you like to-day if there were not so many people trying to do the same thing. Like so many of the comforts of peace-time, White Horse is scarcer because of the war.

It takes long years to bring this famous whisky to ripeness and maturity. It took forethought and a provident care to provide the present regulated supply. And the same care and forethought are your assurance that to-day and in the years to come the quality of White Horse will be guarded as jealously as ever.

More White Horse could not be released without broaching stocks still growing old and ripe for your future pleasure. And for no consideration will the good name of this famous blend be put in jeopardy.

Bottles 25/9 ; *Half Bottles* 13/6 *as fixed by* The Scotch Whisky Association.

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in our tight little island calls for an answer to the debt that we owe to men such as these . . .
& SERVICE
by giving donations, organising appeals or making knitted comforts for the
MERCHANT NAVY COMFORTS SERVICE
must be our reply.
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Benger's contains active digestive enzymes

Never eat a full meal when you're tired

YOUR stomach can't cope with it and digestive strain soon leads to indigestion and ultimately to severe gastric trouble. What your digestion needs is REST. A cup of Benger's Food provides all the warmth and nourishment you require yet it soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a real rest and a chance to build up its strength. Try Benger's tonight . . .

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BENGER'S, today, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high-class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 765

Set by Ambrose Hake

We offer the usual prizes for six rules of bad behaviour.

Report by Ambrose Hake

Two competitors included this competition in heir examples of bad behaviour. Others welcomed he opportunity to unload a few prejudices. Others gain found the six rules too many and reduced them o one—"Be an egotist"; while for the majority ix weren't enough to embody a satisfactory code. A good deal of advice was repeated: "leave the door pen," "shove your way to the front," "drop ash on he carpet," etc., and in making a preliminary selection have left out many activities of this kind which ay be taken for granted. The boor knows his opes there already. Where he wants guidance is subtler, more spiritual ways. First, then, the election, which I could easily have made longer; ollowed by the winners, Allan M. Laing, F.C.C., and harlus, who share the prizes equally.

SELECTION

Always correct a mispronunciation.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Talk about yourself: no other subject could be so nteresting.

If (by any chance) you stand a man a lunch or a inner at a restaurant, always take care to let him now what it costs you.

Lie, whenever it is necessary or desirable, for your wn sake; but it is your duty to tell the truth about hers.

YORICK

Give up your seat in the bus so that later, over a inner-table, you may be able to complain that omen pretend to equality and at the same time xpect you to give up your seat in the bus.

Take a deaf lady to the cinema, and bellow excerpts f the dialogue in her ear.

Study to be a bore. In the end you will be able o humour yourself and exasperate others wherever ou go.

S. W. G.

Explore the motive of everyone's conduct except our own.

Only appear to do as you would be done by.

D. W. BARKER

Drive a motor-car.

A. W. CLARKE

Develop appetites and obliterate sensibility.

Regard all property as common except your own.

D. D. R.

Always take your host at his word.

R. J. P. HEWISON

In business, never forget that the other fellow is a dishonest knave with whom you can successfully deal only by being a trifle shadier than he.

W. H. G. PRICE

You are the most skilled performer on your own trumpet, so keep blowing.

REDLING

If any man protest against your arriving late for the play, tread firmly on his feet.

Those going out on Sunday afternoon should open the window and switch on the Forces Programme at full strength.

H. LOMAX

Always call a man a scoundrel if his political views differ from your own.

Never under any circumstances apologise.

WILLY TADPOLE

Stare in silence and pass on if a foreigner asks you the way.

A. M. B.

Crook the little finger of the right hand.

Never sit in an armchair. Lie in it.

HEDLEY SMART

Even among friends or one's own family, it is advisable to follow up audible eructations with a jocular, but immediate, "Ah! that's better," or some similar easy phrase.

DAVID NEIL

Remember to inform your guests how hard it is to manage with the rations.

L. DE S.

Admit an error with a bad grace.

N. B.

The world owes me a living.

We may be here to help others, but if so, I am one of the others.

LESLIE JOHNSON

PRIZES

If bad behaviour be your plan,
Heed well these rules, my little man:
(1) The graver sins, if wise, you'll miss:
Only the fool courts Nemesis
And You can be a pretty cad
Without quite going to the bad;
(2) The thunder of sweet virtue steal
To cover deeds you would conceal;
(3) But if and when you are found out,
Apologise (you clumsy lout!)
(4) Your mind in two compartments keep
And while one works, let t'other sleep,
For thus, if self-respect's your goal,
At least you're sure of half a soul!
(5) Confine misconduct's sly attack
To friends or foes who can't hit back;
And in all evil that you do,
This first, last rule must govern you:
(6) Whenever doubt assails your mind,
To your own self be always kind.

ALLAN M LAING..

(1) KEEP UP A HIGH STANDARD OF SERVICE. If, for instance, you find at a restaurant that your egg is bad, make it clear to the waitress that you are aware that she is responsible for this. Indicate by your tone of voice that it is useless for her to conceal the fact that she bribed a hen to lay a bad egg, in order that you should be personally insulted.

(2) NEVER WASTE TIME. When queuing, stand as near as possible to the lady ahead of you. The corner of your shopping-bag should stick into her legs. This helps to remind her to move on quickly at the first opportunity. This method can be combined with sneezing down the nape of her neck.

(3) BE ACCURATE. Always be careful to point ou mistakes in detail, such as dates, in the stories told by your near relatives. This is particularly urgent should the stories be of an amusing or fantastic description.

(4) DO NOT STARE OR SHOUT. Never look your interlocutor in the face, but speak nonchalantly, with your eyes on your lowest waistcoat button. If your hearers happen to be elderly or deaf, it is important to slur all consonants.

(5) TREAT ALL MEN AS EQUALS. When heading a large box-office queue, remember that it is friendly and human to take the young lady into your confidence about your difficulties. She should be told, for instance, that though you would rather have three tickets in the third row of the dress circle for the Saturday matinée this week, two tickets for the fourth row of the stalls on Tuesday night next week will perhaps do, and may even suit your nephew better, only you cannot be quite sure of this till you hear from him about when he is getting his leave, but then you will call again.

(6) ALWAYS MAKE CHILDREN FEEL AT HOME. For this purpose it is necessary to keep up a constant flow of jokes and personal remarks. A child, even though a guest in a strange house, can soon be made to realise, that, thanks to your kind attentions, all eyes are fixed upon him.

F. C. C.

(1) Always tell the truth.

(2) Tip anyone who does not expect to be tipped. Never tip those that do.

(3) Wait until breakfast to blow your nose.

(4) Complain of your income-tax to those whom you know to be penniless.

(5) Pencil your own comments into borrowed books.

(6) When attending concerts or the theatre, push your way out thirty seconds before the end of the performance.

CHARLUS.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world. costs: Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. Only overseas subscriptions accepted at present, to start as soon as copies are available.

Company Meeting

ARRISONS & CROSFIELD

THE 36th ordinary general meeting of arrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., will be held in ondon on October 24.

In his Review of the Company's financial ar Mr. H. Eric Miller reminds shareholders at the business was founded a hundred ars ago, and it is interesting to read that a young man he worked under three sons the original founders of Harrisons & osfield.

The financial condition remains strong and quid. The profit of £258,932 is no mean hievement in face of the heavy incidence taxation in every country.

Mr. Miller pays tribute to the virtual iracle performed by the U.S.A. in producing ge supplies of synthetic substitutes, thus ving the situation for the United Nations. e reports that exploratory conversations post-war rubber problems have been held cently in London by officials of the British, nited States and Netherland Governments. e plantation side of the industry is studyg the practical problems that will arise on e liberation of territories now occupied by e Japanese. Looking ahead, new uses for bber are being examined, and amongst ese Mr. Miller is impressed with the adntages of rubber roads.

Reviewing the tea industry, Mr. Miller ys the past year has been uneventful. The heme whereby the Minister of Food became e sole purchaser of tea for export has conued to work smoothly so that all countries tained their fair share of the available pplies.

It is fortunate that as the result of past od husbandry by the British tea-producing dustry in India, Ceylon and East Africa, e United Nations have been provided with equate supplies of tea.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

AVAILABLE Nov. nr. Kensington Gdns., exceptionally attract. 2-rm. flat in doctor's hse. Furn. and cleaning, cent. heating, h. & c., linen, gas ring, bookshelves. Steel reinforced shelter. Single man only. £5 5s. One room £3 3s. BAY 5194 evenings.

YNG. business woman offers share plsnt. furn. rms. Quiet hse. Highgate. I.F.L. member/refugee specially welcome. Box 5952.

FURNISHED dble. bedrm. and sit.-rm., with use kitch., bath, to let 2 mths. Cheap. W.14. Box 5954.

YOUNG woman, int. drama, wishes let bed-sitt. in own home, possibly 2 rms. later. Similar ints. prefd. 30s. week inc. coal, light. Box 5957.

ARTIST-writer wishes to share his modern studio, Mayfair, with someone similar vocation. Write Box 6037.

W.2. Unfurn. 1-rm. flatlets. 21s.–34s. incl., el. light & running h. & c. each rm. Gas cooking. Bathrooms. Resid. housekeeper. 52 St. Stephen's Gdns., W.2. Bayswater 5982.

OFFICES to let, 1st floor, 2 rooms, one large and sunny, 5½ yrs. lease, £110 p.a. ASYFA, 104 Wigmore St., W.1.

CHARMING divan rooms, use of secl. gdn., dbls. spec. price. 1 Cresswell Gdns., S.W.5. Ken. 0425.

TO let furn. bed-sit.-rm. & kit., 1 person, Enfield (rural part). Box 5948.

WIFE of professional man offers accom., Devon, to young married couple, single woman or woman w. child. Box 5935.

FURNISHED country house (4 bedrooms) with planted garden to let, 1½ miles from Wickford Station, 1 hour to L'pool St 10gns. monthly. Write Owner, Mount Holly, Downham, Billericay, Essex.

NEAR Thaxted, Essex. Slate roof, lathe & plaster cottage, beaut., unspoilable posit., nr. village, away fr. main rd., high, sunny, priv., w. superb view. 6 gd. rms., oak beams but no low ceilings, co.'s water, storage, Elsan. Front recently replastered, new windows, floors. ½ acre, flower, kit. garden. Daily bus London. £1,200 freehold, w. some fittings. Box 6010.

Accommodation—continued

YOUNG lady with country cottage wishes share with another. Modern convs. In return light duties and board. Box 6024.

SMALL house or flat, furnished or unfurn., country district, pref. within 100 miles London, wanted by soldier's wife with child. Share considered. Box 6053.

WANTED by bachelor, unfurnished flat in Mews/Sq. if possible; 1 large and 1 smaller room, with bathroom. Studio flat considered. Garage an advantage. W.C.1/W.C.2, Hampstead/Chelsea. Box 5963.

WANTED to rent 2/3 bedroomed house, country, easy access London. Box 5961.

INDIAN, invalided, sks. lodgings easy reach London/wd. share flat. Box 5890.

TWO professional women need 2/3 unfurn. rooms. W.C.1 or near. Ground/first floor preferred. Box 6033.

RETIRING schoolmistress wishes buy/rent cottage, bungalow, lodge or unfurn. quarters in attractive country district within 70 miles London. Box 6027.

DOMESTIC happiness in danger. Despairing bombed-out intellect. cple., 2 Botticelliesque children, urg. nd. hse., flat, cot., unfurn. rsnble., Lond. access. Husband writer-lecturer away wk. imp. War Off. wrk. Box 6071.

CHRISTMAS. Accommodation wanted for party (about 20). Self-catering or otherwise. Home counties preferred. Dec. 22nd–27th. Box 6093.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

GREAT news! "Netherwood" Guest Hse reopens for old friends. Brochure. Symonds, "Netherwood," Ridge, Hastings. Baldslow 19.

PACIFIST Lakeland community, guest vacancies, West-Vale, Far Sawrey, via Ambleside, Westmorland.

WHITE Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Overlooking sea, central heating, open fires. H. & C. in bedrooms.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Home" (S. Wales coast). For rest, change and relaxation. Ideal sitn. Plsnt. hol. resort. Overlking sea. Exc. cuis., Comf., cheerfl., peacefl. Mod. terms.

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